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OCTOBER 25c

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ACTION

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I WALKED THE PLANK

SEE PAGE 34

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ACTION

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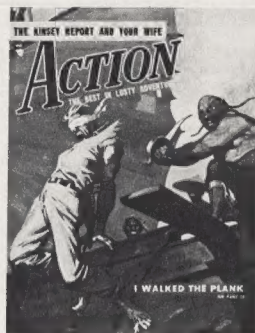
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MEN PAST 40

Who are Troubled with *Getting Up Nights* Pains in Back, Hips, Legs, Nervousness-Tiredness, Loss of Physical Vigor *The Cause may be* **Glandular Inflammation**

Men as they grow older too often become negligent and take for granted unusual aches and pains. They mistakenly think that these indications of Ill Health are the USUAL signs of older age.

This negligence can prove Tragic resulting in a condition where expensive and painful surgery is the only chance.

If you, a relative or a friend have the symptoms of Ill Health indicated above the trouble may be due to Glandular INFLAMMATION.

GLANDULAR INFLAMMATION very commonly occurs in men of middle age or past and is accompanied by such physical changes as Frequent Lapses of Memory, Early Graying of the Hair and Excess Increase in weight . . . signs that the Glands are not functioning properly.

Neglect of such conditions or a false conception of inadequate treatments cause men to grow old before their time . . . leading to premature senility, loss of vigor in life and possibly incurable conditions.

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The non-surgical treatments of Glandular Inflammation and other diseases of older men afforded at the Excelsior Institute have been the result of over 20 years scientific research on the part of a group of Doctors who were not satisfied with painful surgical treatment methods.

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The proper treatment of such disorders can very easily change your entire outlook on life.

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THE MALE BODY



HOW BOXERS GET PUNCH-DRUNK

NEXT time you go to the fights, watch the boxers as they sit in their corners between rounds. Maybe you'll notice one who sits with his hands hanging down and his head forward. He looks indifferent, unaware. If you look closely you may notice that his head is trembling very slightly. Every so often it may have a jerky movement. You might notice too that a little saliva drips from the corners of his mouth. Then watch him as he boxes.

His movements are skilful but he boxes automatically, without initiative. He takes unlimited punishment but he is not knocked out. At the end of the round he shambles back to his corner still indifferent, still lost in his private world.

He is a man who must be led about when not in the ring. Others must spend his money for him and manage his affairs. He is a punch-drunk boxer.

Boxing is a sport which inevitably exposes its participants to continual blows to the head, each one of which, if they land with any force at all, cause at least some passing disturbance to the most precisely and delicately balanced organ of the human body, the brain. And the danger peculiar to boxing, or at least to too much boxing, is that minor items of damage to the brain, trivial in themselves, may slowly build up over the years.

There is seldom anything obvious, nothing which suddenly declares itself, little to give any warning. The first symptoms of punch-drunkness may appear as much as five years after retirement. There is no cure, although if the condition shows itself while the boxer is still in the ring, retirement from boxing may bring improvement. There is no effective medical treatment. Mental deterioration has come, if it does come, for life.

Punch-drunkness is a disease of only the professional boxer, for the amateur is protected by strict rules from receiving excessive punishment.

What exactly is this disease which undermines the intellect and dulls the brain? No definite answer can be given, as the brains of punch-drunk boxers have so far not been examined in sufficient numbers after death to establish the nature of the damage they have suffered. It is thought, however, that the progressive signs and symptoms are due to scattered pin-point hemorrhages in the basal regions of the brain.

When you are hit on the side of the head, it is the opposite side which suffers the worst shock. It is like hitting the side of a bath full of water. The force of the blow is transmitted through the water and lands up against the other side. It is the basal regions of the brain, however, those regions which lie in the center of the head at the level of the ear, which is most vulnerable. This is because they are more rigidly anchored than the outer layer, the cortex, and can "give" less to a blow.

They are also the regions of the brain in which are centered some of the most vital functions of all—sex and emotion, sleeping and waking, hunger, the primitive reactions of rage and fear.

These tiny hemorrhages are caused whenever a heavy blow is received on the head. They heal over and tiny scars are formed. But each scar means the loss of a certain number of brain cells and when this process is carried on over years, the total loss mounts up until the final effect may be disastrous. Punch-drunkness, then, is not caused by a single savage blow, but by the cumulative effect of a large number of blows, generally over a considerable period of time.

Time is an important factor. For most men there is a certain period during which it is fairly safe to box,

and if a man values his brain he should not exceed this. Age has little to do with it. If a man begins early he should quit early.

This, of course, involves practical difficulties for most professional boxers. The danger period often comes when they are at the peak of their careers and earning big money. It is difficult, then, to take the decision to retire. It's tempting to think, "Another year, another two years. It can't make much difference." But it does.

The problem is even worse for the less successful boxer. Often he simply can't afford to retire. He has no training for any other job. He is in greater danger than the champion because he cannot space out his contests in the same way. He has to fight more often for less money and with a shorter period of training. His skill declines, his engagements are fewer, and in the end he may become a sparring partner. Then he undergoes heavy punishment. He receives blow after blow to the head as part of his daily routine. He's one of the luckiest men alive if (Continued on page 48)



Most boxers can't take a jolt as well as tough, fast Tommy Collins.

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YOU ASKED FOR IT

WHEN IN THE course of putting a magazine together, the jg saw puzzle of stories starts falling neatly together, it is a time for great sighs of relief throughout the editorial offices. Then, when at the last minute a piece of copy comes through that is too damned good to leave out and you've got to fit it in, it's a time for tearing of hair, swearing and breaking out midnight oil and bottles of bourbon. Such a story is *I Was Eaten By A Giant Devilfish*. It's the sort of adventure that happens once in a thousand lifetimes. We can safely guarantee that this unique story is one you'll never forget. You'll find it on page 16.

Those who take a dim view of the so-called "gooks" who have been fighting with us in Korea should read Grant Harden's article on Doctor Yong Kak Lee. Doctor Lee is a splendid example of the stubborn courage so often found in ROK Marines. He has been fighting a double war in Korea, spending half of his time curing our wounded boys and the other half of the time knocking off Red Chinese invaders of his homeland. In addition to being a good medic and a tough scrapper, this rugged little Marine has won countless American friends because of his good natured, cheerful personality. When one realizes that Doctor Lee has seen his country ravaged, his family driven out of their home in Anyang and buddies killed on every side, one sees clearly that the Doctor's never-say-die spirit is the mark of a man with real guts.

Of tremendous interest to readers who are, or will one day be, married is the story on Kinsey's work pertaining to the attitudes of women toward sex. The workings of a woman's mind and emotions are about the hardest things in the world to guess. It's like trying to grab a handful of smoke. However, this article will clarify many of the fair gender's feelings and will, we hope, give men a better understanding of the whats, whys, whens, hows and wheres of matrimonial bliss.

We received a story called *I Walked The Plank* about three weeks ago. Not only was it a gripping tale, but it was also very out of the ordinary,

so we scheduled it for this issue. Imagine our outrage when a Marine Sergeant from Public Information wandered into our office and told us the story was already done. We called him a few names including a teller of untruths, and questioned his family background. He smiled blandly and told us to join the Marines if we wanted to learn how to speak American really fluently. Then he produced a copy of *Leatherneck* and showed us a story on pirates of the China Sea already in print. It turned out that the sergeant was right and so were we. While *Leatherneck* had an unusually fine story on pirates, we had an original, for ours was a first person account of actually walking the plank. The sergeant forgave our profanity by explaining that all men's book editors are frustrated buccaners and cowboys and should be forgiven for such outbursts on the grounds of slight insanity. We were relieved that he did not sic the Marine Corps on us, for a hasty accounting of armaments in the office showed only three dangerous cigarette lighters, two pocket knives and a flipper in the hind pocket of the office boy. We are now learning to count to ten before losing our temper with ordinary people and to one thousand before losing it with Marines.

The Male Body column in this issue should be of special interest to action-minded men. It discusses the little known and yet quite common phenomenon, punch drunkenness. It seems that while a good, hard belt

doesn't do you any good, that same jarring blow is not necessarily responsible for becoming punch drunk. The countless lesser punches hitting again and again and again are what finally leave you jumpy whenever you hear a bell.

Steel construction, always a good subject for men, becomes an outstandingly good subject when the construction is going on a quarter of a mile above the sidewalks of New York. Thirty steeplejacks hoisted 70 tons of steel to the top of the Empire State Building and riveted a tower onto the building to serve as a giant television antenna. Therefore, they actually made the tallest building in the world considerably taller!

Now that the issue is all set to go and we can quit swearing at it, we find that the more we thumb through the pages, the more we like it. Now we'll put it on the stands and see how much you agree with us.

As always, your letters and suggestions are acting as important guides in what we publish. You've asked for articles on racing, gambling, boxing, sailing, war and women. That's what *Action* contains. If there is anything you, personally, would like to read about or know about, send us a letter telling us your likes and dislikes in articles and stories. The correspondence we receive is all read carefully. This is not because we're nice people. On the contrary, it's because we're hard-boiled realists who want the magazine to have more and more popular appeal so it'll have more and more readers, and make more and more money.

It's a vicious cycle.

Charles Haffner

Doctor Lee left, plays a hand of Casino with Marine friend. He hopes to come to America in the future to continue his study of medicine.



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LINED WITH WARM SHEEPSKIN!



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PAY for HOME REPAIRS

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City..... State.....

Occupation..... Age.....

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the KINSEY REPORT and YOUR WIFE

BY R. B. ARMSTRONG

**For the first time in the history of the world, ignorance and
fear in marriage is being scientifically replaced by facts.**

the KINSEY REPORT and YOUR WIFE



Posed by a professional model

In the past, ignorance and uncertainty have made many young wives unhappy, have caused divorces.



Posed by Professional Models

Doctor Kinsey hopes that the knowledge contained in his book will make marriages more successful.

THE BOOK THAT is considered by many scientific authorities to be the most important single volume of the century is due on the stands within a few weeks. That book is the Kinsey report on sexual behavior in the human female.

The value of this study in feminine behavior, of course, lies basically in the effect it will have on marital and pre-marital relationships. In short, while the work will include case histories of females of all types and all ages, its fundamental worth lies in what it will mean to your wife and to your marriage. Women will be able to better understand, from a purely factual viewpoint, what the habits and actions of other women are. And marriages will have a chance to become more mature and happier through this knowledge.

It's a paradox that this genuinely world shaking volume is being put into its final form at this moment by a soft spoken, scholarly gentleman whose chief interests in life are music and gardening, a quiet, infinitely patient man whose passion for facts and truth once led



Kinsey, while serious in his work, has a sense of humor. During a speech in California his wit brings laughter from these girls.

him to make an intensive study, which took years, of the habits and customs of gall wasps.

To understand the report and what it will signify, the author realized that first he would have to understand the man. Therefore, he spent a great deal of time at Indiana University, interviewing, probing under the surface to discover all he could about the gigantic undertaking which is Kinsey's work on female sexual behavior.

Doctor Alfred Kinsey is a man who, without saying it in so many words, feels he has a mission. A mission to help rid the world of the ignorance, stupidity, superstition and fear which surrounds sex. A mission to stop the heartbreak, broken marriages and unhappy homes which this ignorance of sex causes. With the help of his two principal assistants, Doctor Wardell B. Pomeroy and Doctor Clyde E. Martin, Kinsey is completely ignoring what some people might consider the good, bad or indifferent attitudes toward sex and plunging straight to the heart of the matter, the facts. He does

not concern himself with what a woman should or should not do according to generally accepted concepts of morality. He is concerned only with what a woman does do. And it is becoming plainer and plainer that there is a great difference between what the public considers a moral standard and what actually happens in the sexual behavior of a female.

Having nothing to do with morality or the lack of it, his new book will be a compilation of graphs, charts and case histories which will show for the first time in the history of the world a scientific outline of sex acts and sex thoughts in the female of the species.

It is interesting to note that Kinsey does not recognize the word "frigid" in his work. He prefers the phrase "unresponsive" and has established, by the way, that only three percent of the female populace is unresponsive. This will be of particular value to men who have felt that their wives are frigid. It will indicate strongly that the men are simply not using the proper approach toward their sex partners. In this respect,



Wherever Kinsey is scheduled to speak, record crowds are sure to gather. Here, his presence packs the men's gym in Univ. of Calif.

the KINSEY REPORT and YOUR WIFE



(Posed by a professional model)

Kinsey's report will give scientific averages, but it's best to remember that no woman is "average." Each girl is an individual.

another bubble Kinsey will pop is the thoroughly entrenched belief that women are not, normally, as eager to make love as men. A woman, in many cases, will react as quickly and powerfully to sexual stimuli as a man. This would definitely bear out the "to hell with the buildup" attitude that many men have who are successful in their associations with women. Too many men, according to indications, take too long with their buildup. The female emotional reaction, mounting at first, later levels off and then subsides, while the man with good but mistaken intentions is engaged in his long, fancy buildup.

A natural question that comes to mind is, how can Kinsey obtain information from a woman that her husband, preacher or girl friends would have serious trouble obtaining? The answer to this lies in Kinsey's approach. While in normal life, he is relaxed, loves to laugh and take it easy, Kinsey as an interviewer is all business. One girl who was interviewed by him has this to say. "You



Mrs. Alfred Kinsey, a charming, intelligent woman, is sure that her husband's work will be of great value.



Posed by professional models

Findings show, unresponsive females are quite rare.

know at once that Doctor Kinsey is thoroughly trustworthy. His integrity is obvious and one knows that there is never any need to worry that he would ever make public what you tell him. Then too, there is the air of a purely scientific approach and it seems, after awhile, like you're talking about someone else instead of yourself."

Kinsey's trained objectivity has been thoroughly implanted in his fellow workers until they are equally skillful as he at asking questions. The method employed is to use a chart for writing down case histories. The woman who is being interviewed can see that the chart is being marked in code as she answers questions asked her. There is a psy-

chological advantage in this, for she realizes subconsciously that she has ceased to be a human being for the moment and is nothing more than a statistic in an overall scientific inquiry.

The interview lasts for two to three hours and from three to five hundred questions are asked. The interview begins with simple questions and works up to a more intimate interrogation. If an interviewer has any suspicion that an untrue answer has been given to any question, he will work back and criss-cross over the question in such a manner that the truth will come out.

No one knows exactly how many women have been examined at this time, but (Continued on page 49)

I WAS EATEN BY A GIANT DEVILFISH

First you sail out of Tampico until you locate a monster manta birostris. Second you fall overboard while he's hungry. Third . . . well, that would spoil the story

By **CAPTAIN MORGAN FLEMISH**



Captain Flemish, an incredibly tough, virile man, undoubtedly owes his life to endurance and strength gained by spending years at sea.



● THE FOLLOWING newspaper clipping was taken from the first page of the Mexico City Tribune.

MODERN DAY NOAH SLOWLY
RECOVERS

Tampico, Mex., March 16: Captain Morgan Flemish, who fell overboard from the coastal sloop "Miasma" and was swallowed by a giant manta ray, was reported in fair condition today by doctors at the Hospital Nacional. Captain Flemish was rescued after being in the fish's



The huge manta which attacked Captain Flemish when he fell overboard was similar to the monster devilfish shown in the pic above.

stomach for more than twelve minutes, when his mate killed the giant devil fish with shots from a high powered rifle, brought the huge monster alongside his craft and sliced open the belly to release Flemish.

Well, I am Captain Flemish and I did recover. But I have lived through as ghastly an experience as ever overtook any man. An experience which I truly believe has only happened once before in his-

tory . . . to Jonah. It all happened this way.

I own and sail the commercial coastwise sloop, the *Miasma*. Originally I sailed out of Galveston, Texas, but a couple of years ago I registered my 96-foot vessel under the Panamanian flag and began working the Gulf of Mexico from Texas down along the eastern coast of Mexico and as far south as Central and South America. I know those treacherous waters like I know the back of my hand. And I have

a healthy respect for them. But there are other hazards. Dangers which are so sinister and horrible that until the day I die I shall never forget them.

My story begins on the morning of the tenth of March, 1953. I had cleared the harbor out of Tampico on the flood tide at daybreak. The *Miasma* was headed due east and it was my plan to sail about thirty miles out and then turn my bow to the south. I had a load of frozen Mexican shrimp which I was going

I WAS EATEN BY A GIANT DEVILFISH

to deliver in Panama City. At that port I was to pick up a cargo of Honduras mahogany destined for the States.

It had been a big night, that last one ashore. Bill Chalmers, my mate and the only American I had aboard, and I had won heavily at poker and we'd ended up cruising the town. I don't know whether we "changed our luck" but anyway we ended up on board the *Miasma* at four in the morning, an hour before flood tide, dead broke and with splitting headaches. We got under way nevertheless, helped to some extent by Chip, the Mexican cook and the two brown skinned deck boys. It was tough.

There was a heavy ground swell as we cleared the harbour roadstead and I looked aloft to see white cumulus clouds forming in the northeast. The *Miasma* was pitching and I checked the barometer. It showed that we were in for some rough weather.

I let Bill take the tiller for a while after we were four miles out and I went below for a cup of hot coffee. When I returned on deck, I quickly saw that the wind had suddenly died and the sea was flat and placid. It was while I stood at the rail, looking at the unbroken surface of the water, that I first noticed the giant shadow just below the surface.

I was about to call to Bill and instruct him to start the auxiliary power. I knew that it was the typical dead calm which so frequently comes just before the storm in the tropics.

Instead, for some reason, I stood there motionless and fascinated.

Bill must have been watching me because a moment later he was at my side.

"What's the trouble, Cap?" he said. "You about to toss your cakes?" He laughed without merriment and I knew that his own stomach was none too steady.

I motioned to the shadow just below the surface next to the side of the sloop.

"What the . . ." I began.

Bill, who was sailing the Gulf of Mexico while I was still a pup in prep school, looked down and then shook his head.

"Boy that's a giant," he said.

"Giant what?" I wanted to know.

"Giant manta ray," Bill told me. Actually a manta birostris if you want the technical name for it. That baby is at least 20 or 25 feet wide and about three and a half feet thick.

As he spoke, the huge fish must have brushed beside the vessel, for it suddenly flipped its wide circular fins in a frenzy of anger and surfaced. I never saw anything so evil looking in my life!

The devilfish! It was certainly adequately named. Two small evil eyes glared up at us and its great scaly round body was slimy and green. A long vicious tail idly switched the water and huge oversize flappers at each side beat the surface of the emerald sea to a froth.

"Get the Mangum out and shoot it," I said to Bill. "No," Bill said. "Leave it strictly alone. That thing's more dangerous than a truck load of dynamite. Shoot it and you'll probably only wound it. And a wounded manta will attack. He might not do much damage, but that thing weighs several tons and he could very easily foul us up. The only way you can kill one of them is by hitting a spot exactly between his eyes and about a foot above. I don't think either of us is in any condition for that sort of marksmanship."

I nodded in agreement. Hell, I had other things to worry about anyway. There was a wind brewing and I could expect some dirty weather.

"Okay," I said. "I'm going aloft and drop the mainsail. Think we should run under a short jib and auxiliary power until this thing blows itself out. It will be hitting any minute now."

Bill had left the wheel with one of the deck boys and he spoke as he went forward.

"I'll dig out the other boy and the cook to help," he said. "You better stay on deck, shape you're in."

But I had already started up the main mast. I wanted to inspect one of the halyards before dropping the sheet. The last I saw of Bill he was ducking down the forward hatch.

I must have been half way up when it happened.

That wind, which I'd been expecting any second, suddenly hit. It caught me unprepared. I was just reaching for a line, when the *Miasma* heeled over as though some giant hand had lifted it up from underneath. It was the first warning blast of the hurricane soon to come.

I missed the line and at the same time my foot slipped.

That sudden shock of wind did two things: it almost killed me and it saved my life for the moment. The ship heeled so far over that as I fell, instead of crashing to a bloody pulp on deck, I went into the water at the side of the vessel, some six feet out. Even as I fell I knew what was happening.

Just the touch of that tepid, soothing water was enough to bring me completely to. The first thought which struck me was that I was lucky. I hadn't hit the deck. The second thought brought instant panic.


No one had seen me fall and we were miles out from shore. I could never swim it back, especially I couldn't swim through those shark and barracuda infested waters.

And then I remembered the giant devilfish!

I guess I screamed. Later, when it was all over, Bill told me it was the sound of that high, piercing, ear-shattering yell of mine which first let him know something was wrong.

The side of the vessel was 20 feet away and drifting as I suddenly turned in the water and lunged out. Even as I started for her, I knew in my heart I'd never make it. The first flashing puff of wind had started a series of small gusts and the *Miasma* was

(Continued on page 54)



Even when the landing strip was right under our noses it was almost impossible to see the lights burning at its edge through the fog.

FOLLOW-THE-LEADER — or DIE!

Five minutes past my point of no return, the message came: "Narsarssuak airways, Greenland, calling Nan 4261 Charley . . . return to Iceland . . . do you read this? . . . weather makes landing impossible . . . do you read this? . . ."

By DWIGHT OEHLERKING as told to JERRY HULSE

● MY GAS GAUGE said there was no chance to turn back. The warning had cracked over the radio in my small twin-engine DeHaviland Dove five minutes too late. Below, the North Atlantic was cloudy and white-capped swells broke over bluish icebergs. I shuddered. Only God knows how many men those waters have conquered. The Air Force says a man will freeze to death in less than five minutes in its icy waters. And according to my navigator, Howard Brown, we would be five minutes short of safety at minimum if we returned to Iceland.

I grabbed my hand mike: "Nan 4261 Charlie to Narsarssuak Airways . . . impossible to turn back . . . I'm past my point of no return . . . please instruct."

"Narsarssuak Airways to Nan 4261 Charlie . . . come ahead . . . we'll do what we can for you . . . call us at 10 minute intervals until you're over the field."

I called Greenland again, "Just how soupy is the stuff at the field?"

"Here's your recipe, mister," the Greenland radioman called. "Ceiling 100 feet, visibility a quarter of a mile

and it's raining. Buster, we're just plain soaked in."

Two hours later we were to make aviation history at the little Air Force base at Narsarssuak.

The landing field there is small for an Air Force Base, used mostly just for refueling. It lies at the foot of rock mountains and ice at the end of a winding 57-mile long fjord on the southwest tip of Greenland. You get to it by zigzagging up the fjord through a canyon of jutting rocky cliffs. It's healthier to fly into Narsarssuak on a clear day. Otherwise, you might clobber into the icecap that rises directly behind the field. It has happened. It's happened too damned often.

I have made upward of 80 trips across the North Atlantic, ferrying aircraft from Europe to Canada and the United States. I have a slogan: I'll ferry any plane anywhere in the world if the customer has the cash.

I'd never had a real scare flying the Atlantic until May 3, 1953. That's the day I'm talking about—when I was five minutes past my point of no return.

The Dove being piloted wasn't exactly the plane for a North Atlantic crossing in the first place. It is an



The DeHavilland Dove piloted by Captain Oehlerking is a twin engined, dependable aircraft. Unfortunately, no plane flies well without fuel.

FOLLOW-THE-LEADER—or DIE!

executive ship built in England. Carries six passengers. Don't get me wrong; it's a very good plane and it's selling like television in the United States. But it's just healthier to go the North Atlantic route with four engines instead of two. The way I go you have to island hop unless you're set up with extra fuel tanks. First from Scotland to Iceland, then Greenland to the mainland of Labrador and on to Montreal or New York. And on this particular trip I was wishing to hell I had four engines.

I could see Greenland outlined ahead by a deep blue sky. Sure, it was clear up high near the 11,000 foot summits. The ice looked like a big, soft white cloud. But down low it was soup. And that's where I had to land. Greenland had forecast ceiling unlimited before we left Iceland a few hours before. But the Atlantic is capricious as a woman. You can leave one point with an all-clear forecast for your next stop. And before you get there it may be like a cloudy midnight.

Brown, my navigator, scribbled on a piece of paper as I finished talking with Greenland.

"We've got about three hours fuel left," he said. "What do you think our chances will be at Narsarsuak?"

"We'll be over the fjord in another 45 minutes," I said. "That'll leave us little better than two hours fuel. We can circle for a while. Maybe the fjord will clear."

We were circling the field, though we couldn't see it, when the Greenland radioman called again. "Air Force operations here advises that you fly to Sondre Strom Fjord. The weather is okay there."

Sondre Strom Fjord is the site of another Air Force base about 527



miles northwest of Narsarssuak. It is used by the Air Force as a stop-over for planes headed for Thule, the military's northernmost outpost.

Brownie checked our gas supply and asked for a report on winds aloft. Narsarssuak said we would be bucking 60 mph headwinds all the way to Sondre Strom. Brownie completed a flight plan. Then ripped it up.

"Damn it, we can't do it, we can't do it," he cursed. "We'd be 20 minutes short of gas. Headwinds are too strong."

According to my calculations we would be about 50 miles from Sondre Strom if we went down 20 minutes short. It would take a good 30 days to hike that distance across the icecap. And we didn't even have a can of beans or a parka. No Arctic survival equipment. Not even a snowshoe.

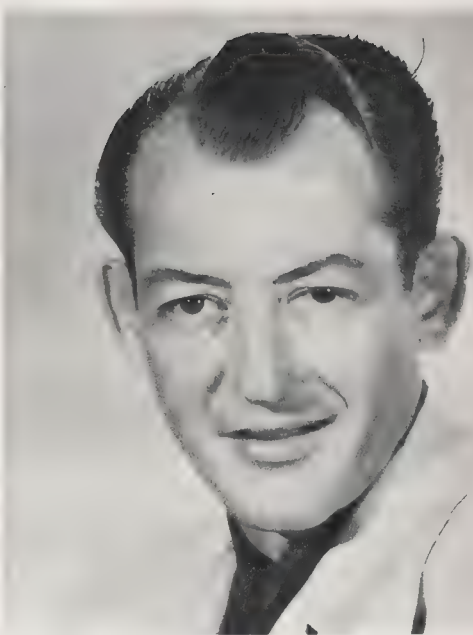
I called the Narsarssuak radioman. "We can't go to Sondre Strom . . . not enough gas."

There was a pause and then, "Narsarssuak to Nan 4261 Charlie . . . we are alerting air-sea rescue . . . officer in charge here advises you attempt a landing on the icecap behind us . . . there's a shack with provisions up there about 12 miles northeast of us . . . we'll send up a ground rescue team with dogs and sleds to bring you down . . . I'll give you the position of the shack . . ."

"No thanks, mister," I called back, "I've got to deliver this plane. We'd never get it off the cap. Besides, we'd probably clobber trying to land."

There was a long silence and then a new voice came over the radio. It was the operations officer:

"You're not going to be able to save the plane!" he shouted angrily. "You're going to be lucky to save your lives. If you don't want to try the icecap landing then ditch in the ocean. I'll give you a position just off the



Captain Oehlerling, a former Air Force pilot, made history when he jockeyed his craft toward the strip.

coast. Ditch and we'll have a boat waiting to pick you up."

"Try to think of something else," I radioed. "We wouldn't have the chance of a polar bear in the desert if you didn't get to us on time." I reminded him of the estimated five minutes survival in the drink.

The operations officer was sizzling.

"Here's our last prayer for you," he growled. "We're sending up a B-17 air-sea rescue equipped with radar to guide you down. Give us your position."

I GUESS the prettiest sight I can ever remember was that big, lumbering B-17 breaking through the overcast and swinging alongside us. Up until now, Brownie and I hadn't talked much. Now, Brownie gave me kind of a hopeful slap on the shoulder, like football players do when they're going into a game to win. But we hadn't won yet. We had the longest 30 minutes of our lives ahead.

The B-17 swung alongside our starboard.

"You're in kind of a tough spot, mister," the skipper radioed.

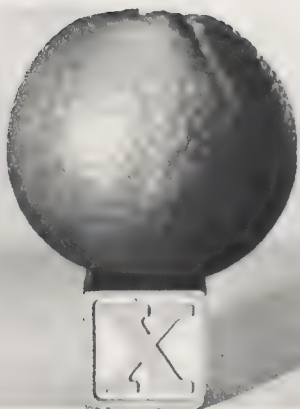
"I'm beginning to get that idea myself," I laughed. It was just one of those screwy laughs that come out sometimes when you're plenty scared.

The B-17 pilot was Captain (Continued on page 50)



The sloping, narrow strip is approached from upper right. A rough landing, even on clear days.

how to make ORANGE JUICE with a SIX SHOOTER



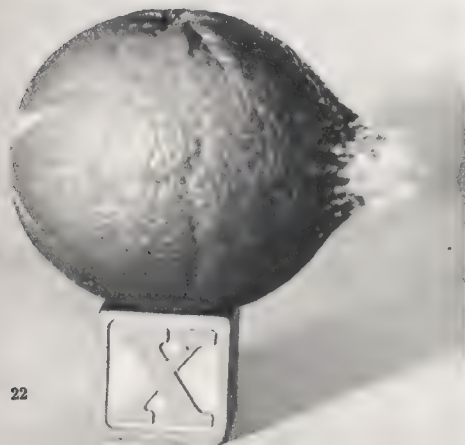
First you set up an orange on a block. Then, in true cowboy style, you draw from the hip and fire.

A perfect bullseye is needed for the best orange juice. Bullet is now on its way out the far end.



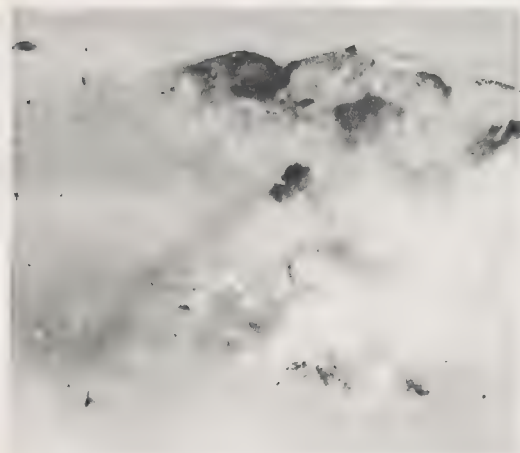
If your wife is quick, right about here is where she'll take a deep breath to start a loud scream.

Internal pressure causes eruptions on face of the citrus fruit. It's almost time to get your glass.





At this point your spouse has murder in her eyes and at least one wall is about to be deplastered. But you never got orange juice so quick!



Two hundred millionths of a second after you've pulled the trigger, the orange will be like this.

Quick and simple, this system is highly recommended for bachelors. It will, however, lead to bickering if the little wife is breakfasting quietly across the table

● USING A high speed photographic technique which enables ballistic experts to study the performance of bullets, Western Cartridge Company made this series of photos at three millionths of a second with an Edgerton Flash Lamp. They show what happens to an orange when struck by a .22 long rifle hollow point bullet traveling at 1,150 feet per second. Camera used was a Speed Graphic. Rifle was a heavy barrel Model 52 Winchester. Actually, the method of making orange juice is not practical, but it's the fastest known way of getting the most juice with the least possible effort.



The odds were incredible at the battle of Changjin Reservoir. Three regiments of screaming Chinese attacked a single battalion that night.

the GOOK from ANYANG

● MY STORY BEGINS with the First Battalion, 32nd Infantry of the Army's 7th Division moving into Anyang. To the top brass, Anyang was strategically unimportant, just another "gook" dump in the march back to Seoul. To the men of the First, Anyang meant possible death, for coming into town they were met by a long file of Korean refugees moving south.

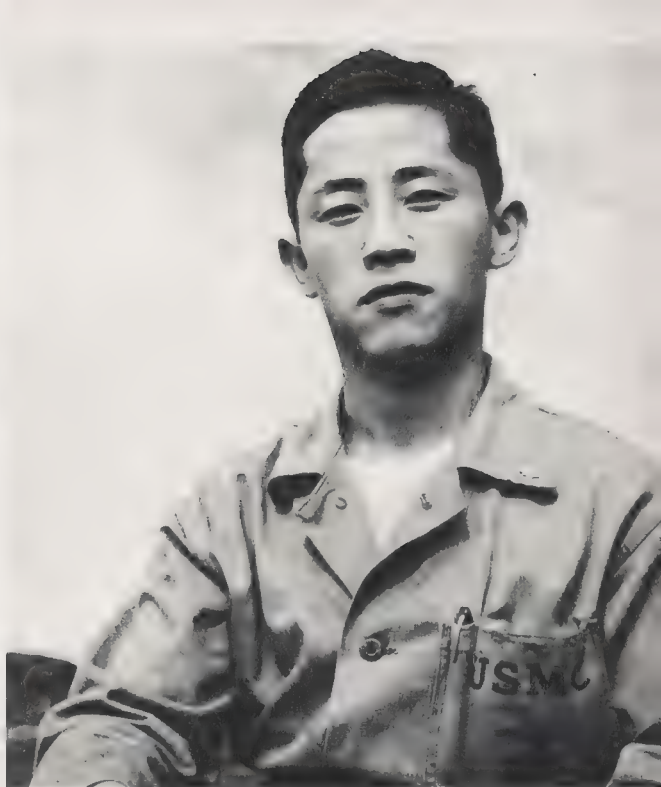
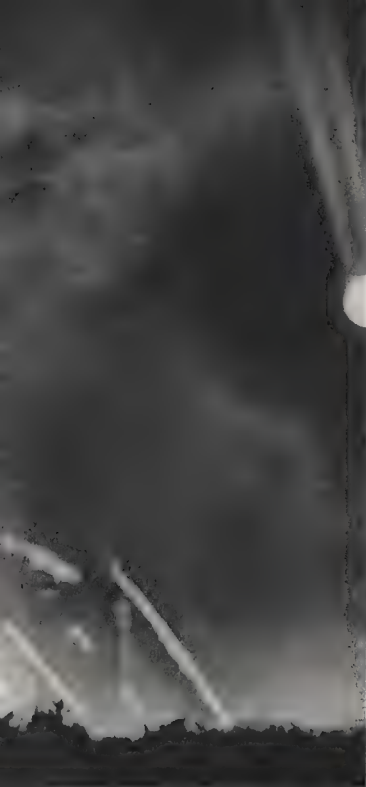
Tired as the GIs were, they were taut and ready for the worst. Mass enemy infiltration was the order of the day. With an alertness born of bloody experience they watched the gooks move towards them, eyes staring blankly down at the ground, legs moving up and down in stiff, automatic fashion, looking as always the burden bearers of Asia.

One false move and the GIs would have killed. A few hours before, hundreds of North Koreans in civilian clothes had descended without warning on a unit of the First, nearly overrunning their position.

It is strange to see the animosity that exists between the protected and the protector, but this is a strange war. Neither group can speak the other's language and there is doubt and fear, and even hate.

For a moment the soldiers and the refugees stand still in the road facing each other. The moment is broken, and the danger passes when a GI non-com steps over to an aged Korean who seems to be the leader.

The non-com is not rough, but gently turns him sideways and points to a road that leads away from the in-



By YONG KAK LEE

as told to GRANT HARDEN

They called him "gook"
but this fighting doctor
was saving our wounded
boys twenty hours a day.
The other four hours he
was out killing Reds . . .

Doctor Yong Kak Lee was one of a handful of survivors. The men fighting at his side reported his magnificent courage and coolness.

Tending wounded ROKs and GIs alike, Doctor Lee worked and fought around the clock. This soldier, above, lived due to fine care.



the GOOK from ANYANG

coming soldiers. The old man leads the refugees, old men, young men, old women, young women and children, down a road that leads to nowhere.

It was this day and in this town that I joined the First Battalion, 32nd Infantry, 7th Division of the United States Army.

When the North Koreans invaded Seoul, I was teaching microbiology at the Eaha Women's University. I was conscripted by the Communists and put on a train to Pyongyang. Half way to Munsan-ni the train was spotted by UN planes and I escaped during the confusion. Recaptured, I was sent to tend North Korean wounded at a huge electric transformer plant in Shinchon. A few days there and UN planes came to my rescue again. This time I was able to make it to my father's place in Anyang where I hid in an underground trench until the Americans arrived.

I was more fortunate than my countrymen, traveling the road to nowhere. I could speak English as well as Korean and when I stepped out of my father's house I raised my hands and spoke, "I am a friend. I want to help."

A GI took me to a captain in a jeep.

"Excuse me, sir," he said to the captain. "We've a gook who wants to join up."

"Can you use him?" asked the captain, in a voice that seemed racked with fatigue.

"He speaks English," replied the soldier, and more to himself than to the captain he said, "We can use him."

I was now a member of the United States Army, and from then on, I was "the gook from Anyang," a GI way of identifying the various Koreans that joined them. But I was not ashamed or humiliated by it, for, I understood.

Later that day, the First moved into Seoul. Casualties were heavier than expected, giving our medics a difficult time. I informed a sergeant that I would like to help them, if I could, explaining that I had been a doctor, and perhaps could be useful. He took me to the Battalion's surgeon, a Captain V. J. Navarre, who seemed quite pleased to have me.

In November Seoul was secured and our Division received orders to go around the peninsula to Iwon, a small coastal town north of Hamhung. Morale among the GIs was good, as it looked as if they would soon be home.

At Iwon a special task force, composed of the First Battalion, 32nd Infantry; 3rd Battalion, 31st Infantry, and a battalion of the 57th Field Artillery, was organized to spearhead a point on the Pujon Plateau, 14 miles north of Hagaru-ri.

The day we left Iwon a soft wind was blowing. The next day we were 2500 feet above sea level. It was easy going in comparison with things to come.

Slight guerrilla resistance was met and surprised. Rugged terrain, combined with severe wind and bitter coldness contributed their share of misery. Snow had hidden the mountains and valleys under a camouflage of white.

We bivouacked on the north tip of Changjin Reservoir the afternoon of the twenty-seventh of November. The remainder of the task force was about four miles behind. By nightfall we had the Battalion aid station set up and we prepared for a night of rest. I crawled into my sleeping bag and fell asleep.

"Wake up! Doctor Lee! Wake up!" It was Chisai, a ROK medic. I awoke to hear the firing of machine guns. I asked Chisai if the North Koreans were at-



Luckily, Lee spoke English before the Korean hostilities. Now he speaks excellent slang as well.



The Doctor performs an operation on an American, one of more than 2,000 he has helped stay alive.



Since joining the Marine Easy Medical Company, Lee has learned to play a uke. He sings loud and fights hard in good Marine tradition.



Lee casts a mean horseshoe before the eyes of Navy Lieutenant, Richard A. Lavine from Pittsburg, Pa.

tacking. He was excited and somewhat inchoherent and I thought he said something about it being Chinese.

"Where did they come from?" I asked, as I began to dress.

"I do not know."

I hurried down to the battalion aid station, where I found Doctor Navarre and the other medics caring for the wounded. Fighting outside was rapidly growing fiercer.

Thousands of words have been written about this night and the days and nights that followed, but they remain only a modest tribute to the men who were there. The suicidal fury of the Chinese attacks were astounding. It was an eruption of hell, with a lava of human hate pouring relentlessly over the United Nations troops, for there were ROK Army personnel fighting along with the GIs.

A lieutenant was seriously wounded and Doctor Navarre and I went to him. He was hopeless and a Catholic priest took over. This became routine as the night continued.

The night passed slowly. About 0300 we had filled the aid tent and began putting (Continued on page 58)

DO GAMBLERS REALLY WANT TO WIN?



The crap-game boys get a perverse thrill out of seeing their money go rolling away with the dice.

By **ROBERT J. GALWAY**

● THE FIRM'S president called his office manager into the inner sanctum. He coughed nervously and looked up at the young man who stood in front of him. "Jim," the company president said, "I'm sorry, but we'll have to let you go. You can pick up a month's salary in lieu of notice from the cashier as you go out tonight."

Strangely enough, Jim didn't seem surprised that he'd just lost a good paying position. But he did plead for another chance.

The president shook his head. "You've already had three chances, Jim," he said. "I'm sorry. But it seems gambling fever has got you. We can't have people dunning you here at the office for payment of debts. It happens every day and it's bad for our business."

When Jim received his month's pay that evening, he went to a poker game instead of going home to his wife. He told himself he felt lucky and would run his pay-off money into the thousands. He lost every dollar at the game.

Jim's wife told him that she was through. That it was an old story to her and when he



In any big gambling hall, you'll find a high percentage of people who, though they wouldn't believe it, are there to lose their cash.

Get set for a jolt. Psychiatry now tells us chronic gamblers are as mentally ill as alcoholics. They're never emotionally satisfied until they've lost their pants . . .

got another job he would lose it also because of his gambling, as he had other past jobs. When Jim pleaded with his wife not to leave him she threw at him what was to her tops in insults. "You don't want a wife," she said bitterly, "You want a psychiatrist."

Although Jim's wife didn't realize it when she said he needed a psychiatrist, she was unwittingly giving him the one means of possibly saving his marriage and eventually ending on Skid Row.

Psychiatry now knows that Jim, and many people like him who gamble habitually, are sick people. Jim was a good physical specimen of manhood but he was emotionally ill without knowing it. He liked to consider himself a sport and told himself that gambling was just part of his makeup. But the truth of the matter is gambling was an abnormal part of Jim's makeup and the cause of it could have been found by a recognized psychiatrist.

Jim first became a gambler a year after he was married and although he claimed he loved his wife dearly, his gambling was actually a subconscious desire to hurt her. When after a year of married life Jim and his wife visited a specialist because the baby they both

wanted hadn't arrived, they were given a thorough check up. The examination showed that Jim's wife was fertile, but he was sterile.

This medical fact was a terrific blow to Jim's ego and he subconsciously blamed his wife for the fact he could not father a child. The result was gambling fever, a way of subconsciously taking satisfaction from his wife for his damaged pride. As a matter of fact, the more Jim lost at gambling the more pervertedly elated he felt.

A psychiatrist could have shown Jim the reason for his chronic gambling by means of psychoanalysis, the art of probing the subconscious mind and bringing forth long forgotten, or not realized facts. And once Jim realized the reason for his habitual gambling he would have been on the road to emotional recovery.

Like alcoholics, gamblers can be found in all types of society. They are people who have never got out of grade school, and they can be found among university professors. Gamblers come from slum homes, and include people who have money to burn. They include the young and the old, and medical statistics show that the problem of the chronic gambler is growing rather than shrinking.

(Continued on page 52)



Atop the tallest building in the world, steeple-jacks do some fancy electrical work on the spire.



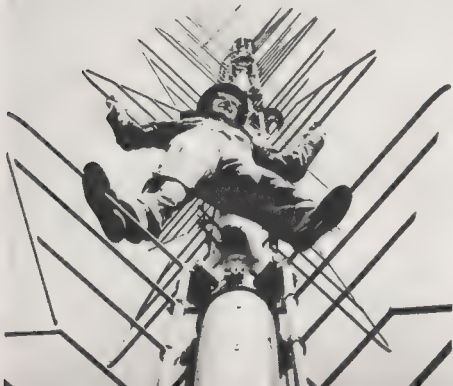
From the highest point, it's an awesome sight. An automobile on Fifth Avenue looks the size of a flea.

70 Tons of Steel in

These boys lugged 70 tons of steel to the top of the Empire State Building and hammered it on up there. It was a cinch. If they slipped, they only had 1500 feet to fall

An eery geometric design, the television antenna stretches high above precariously perched worker.

To protect man-made Matterhorn from wind and rain, a coat of heavy, rapid drying paint goes on.





Girders were attached to underside of elevators and lifted upstairs.

the Sky

● TO BRING THE babel of voices and sights that is TV to more than 15,000,000 Americans in the New England and New Jersey areas a huge, needle-like antenna has been raised by modern man on top of the tallest building in the world.

Like bringing coals to Newcastle, this titanic needle makes the Empire State Building 222 feet taller, bringing it to a total of 1,472 feet above the teeming streets below.

It required six months of constant toil by a crew of 30 steeplejacks from the United States Steel's American Bridge Corporation to complete the task. Five Telecasting companies in New York contributed to the building and all five will make use of the simultaneous broadcasting facilities of the tower. Those companies are Columbia Broadcasting System, National Broadcasting Company, Allen B. DuMont Laboratories, Incorporated, American Broadcasting Company and WPIX, Incorporated. Each outfit uses one of the five separate TV transmitters on towers.



One of 30 steeplejacks working on the mammoth undertaking takes time out for a leisurely lunch far above the noise of busy streets.

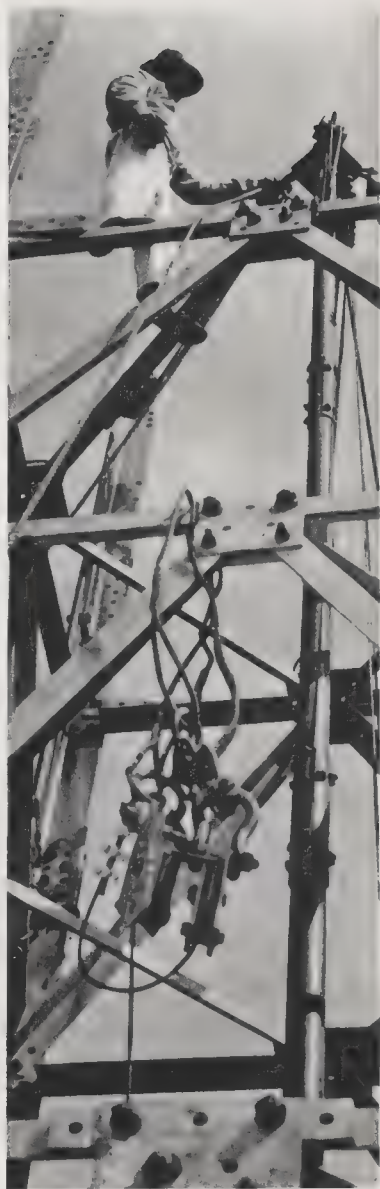
70 TONS of STEEL in the SKY

The more than 70 tons of structural steel employed in building the tower were whisked up to the top of the building by a clever plan. Girders were lashed onto the bottoms of elevators. All the work went on without disturbing any of the occupants of the building although there are more than 25,000 persons working within that stone and steel shaft.

TELEVISION transmission, which was pioneered from the Empire State in 1931 by NBC, attains a ghost-free, shadow-free excellence with the new signal. "Ghosts," caused when lagging images are reflected to receiving sets from an obstructing surface, are largely eliminated because of the height of the Empire State Building. The big new tower brings one of every ten Americans within range of the nation's televising capital.

The total audience now reached is over 15,000,000 persons.

Toasting rivets a quarter of a mile above New York's sidewalks was not an easy job with the wintry gales constantly howling.

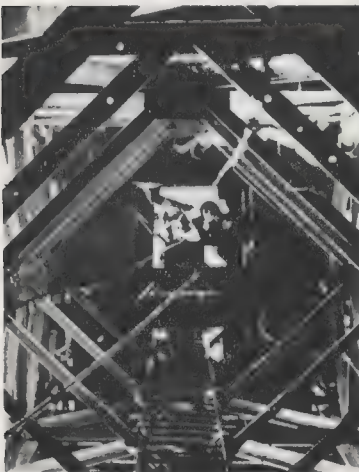


Each step up was a scientific move that required experience and guts.



Five television companies maintain individual antennas on the tower.

Viewed from the inside, one gets an idea of complexity of spire.



After the last rivet is in place, the Stars and Stripes wave from the pinnacle of the highest man-made structure in earth's history.

I WALKED THE PLANK

When renegade pirates captured me in the China Sea, I wondered why they laughed and joked instead of cutting my throat. Then I found out. They'd read somewhere about a guy named Captain Kidd . . .

● AT LEAST ONCE a week, I wake up from the same nightmare, my heart pounding furiously. I walk to my bedroom window and look out to the street. Then I know that my nightmare is no longer real. Only then am I certain that I'm safe.

The nightmare? Sure I can talk about it now, though anyone reading this will probably laugh. I might have laughed myself, a year ago.

It's always the same. I'm on a ship, an old Chinese junk, only I'm not a passenger. My hands are tied behind me. My shirt is torn, my back is a mass of welts, the kind that are raised by a wicked, skin-lifting rawhide whip with lead pellets slipped into its leather strands. I'm shoved up on a plank. Then, hopelessly, I start walking, a slow step at a time, to the end of the plank. Just as I go off into space I wake up, sweating and shivering.

That dream is based on an actual experience.

Last year Jack Crawford and I were spending a couple weeks in Hong Kong.

After four years of business in the Philippines we came up to that city to see if there might be something interesting and profitable.

We had a Chinese friend in Hong Kong. One night while visiting with him he mentioned that an old friend of his wanted to escape from China.

How could he manage, we both inquired, since the communists are not indulgent in granting visas, either into or out of China. It seemed that this man wanted

to be smuggled out by friends who owned a small power boat. The job would not be done merely for friendship's sake. A large hunk of money would change hands.

Here was the sort of job Jack and I had been looking for, with the satisfaction of fooling the communists thrown in. We'd saved nearly ten thousand bucks in the Philippines and had purchased a speedy little British sub-chaser. Where it came from or how it got into the possession of the Chinese merchant we bought it from, we didn't question. We might not have wanted to buy it if we'd gone through a title search.

We wanted a boat with zip and we got it. One test spin behind those twin Rolls-Royce engines and we were convinced.

"I think we could fly it if we put wings on," said Jack, well pleased with the 50 mph performance.

Now the craft, plus our Yankee luck, seemed destined to make us some easy money.

Wan, our Chinese friend, showed us on a map where we were to pick up our customer and where we could refuel.

We never could have even tried locating Lang Gua, the town in Red China, if we hadn't lined up a young Chinese sailor who had fished throughout our assigned area in pre-commie days. His name was Ging. He was thoroughly trustworthy.

The general idea was for the emigrating citizen to get himself on a fishing junk a mile or two off shore on a dark night, wait until a certain hour, then flash the

By George Brandon



Ging told me the junk pulling up might be a pirate ship. I ignored him.
After all, the skull and bones went out of style years ago—I thought.

I WALKED THE PLANK

code signal. We would whisk up, take the man aboard and cruise back to Hong Kong.

It turned out to be such a soft job we decided to keep it up.

The first two assignments were easy. We had made about ten thousand dollars after expenses and bribes had been paid off.

It was on the third trip that we ran into bad luck. We had picked up our customer, or rather our two customers, a Chinese business man and his lovely sixteen-year-old daughter, and we had started for Hong Kong.

Both the older man and his daughter looked relieved at finally getting aboard. They spoke with Ging, our navigator, and told him that the sons of the family had been deported to Korea by the communists. They had escaped, the only surviving members of what had once been a happy family of six children, mother and father.

sputtered and quickly died out. Jack opened the hatch cover and flashed his light over the engine hoping that something simple had gone wrong. After a few minutes of tinkering, he came over to me.

"I'm worried," he said. "Nothing I can do as long as there's effect on the engine. Looks like something deep inside. Now the other engine will have to take the strain."

I eased up on the throttle, hoping to be as easy on the good engine as possible. We cruised along for another half hour. Two hours to go, I thought. Two hours could make the difference between Hong Kong and a dozen other ports—all held by the communists.

Our passenger came over to Ging and spoke to him. Without hearing or understanding any of the words I guessed that he was inquiring about the engine. Ging, being a good sailor, would reassure him. That is what he must have done, for the passenger nodded and went below.

Suddenly I felt the remaining engine lose power, like a car that is running out of gasoline. And I had the helpless feeling of not being able to do anything about it. Our gas gauge showed plenty of fuel. Up to now the gauge had always been accurate so I knew that we had gasoline. We lost speed quickly. There is little coasting in a speed boat. When the power dies, you just stop moving, and quickly.

We were in a vacuum of darkness. Adding to our bad luck, the water began to chop at the sides and we began to roll.

IN THE DISTANCE I saw a light. It seemed to be moving, but I couldn't be sure because we were being tossed so much. I turned again to the engines, where Jack had been working all along. We couldn't get a cough out of either of the engines.

Meanwhile the light came closer. It was definitely moving.

"Douse all lights," I said. "Looks like we're in for some trouble."

The approaching light faded. Maybe we hadn't been seen after all, I thought. But I was wrong. A full moon poured cool light over the ocean and faintly lit up our helpless speed boat. We could make out the hulking, clumsy outline of the old Chinese junk.

Ging furrowed his brow and spoke to the Chinese passenger.

"What's up?" Jack asked.

"Maybe this ship bring pirates," said Ging.

"What?" whispered Jack. "Pirates went out of business two hundred years ago."

"Maybe so. Maybe so," conceded Ging with the air of a man who knows when not to press a point.

Then the old junk drew (Continued on page 62)



Many junks in Hong Kong's harbor are pirate vessels. Under cover of darkness they will plunder any vessel that they can overpower.

The girl soon regained her oriental composure and went below. I went down to drink some coffee, probably more to have another look at the girl. She had ebony hair and a delicate look of innocence.

Back on deck I took over the controls from Jack. He had done most of the hard work on the way in, so it was up to me to take us back. For an hour all went well. The powerful hum of the motors was not as quiet as usual, but I didn't worry because no craft the Chinese communies had could come near to catching us. Furthermore, they couldn't have hit us with their guns unless they got much closer than we intended letting them.

Our good luck began to fade when one of the motors



When a jockey runs into trouble, things happen fast and furious. He may need only a pat on the back after fall. He may need a doc—or undertaker.

● THERE'S NOT a horse player breathing who hasn't, at one time or another, felt that if the jockey hadn't flubbed the ride on his speedy nag the family jewels might still be intact. At a time like this the jockey is, of course, the number one prospect for the corpus delicti in a clear cut case of justifiable homicide. We smile at this thought, as we do at a ball game when someone yells, "Kill the umpire," but some of us, at least, know how tough the jockey's job is. We know that death, real death, rides unseen in every horse race. We know that death is always an added starter, unnoticed, ever ready to strike.

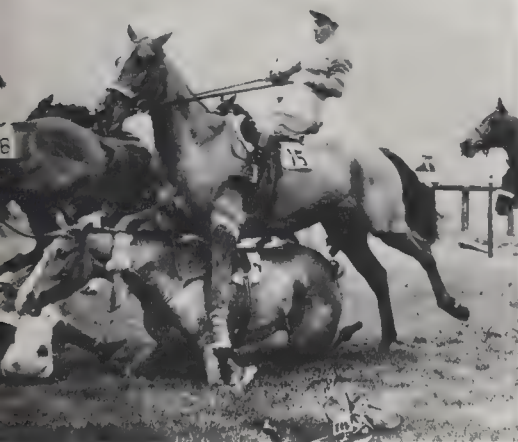
Let's take a look at some of the fatalities of the turf down through the years. Perhaps the next time we think it's the jockey's fault that we lost our two bucks, we won't be quite so ready to consign his small carcass to the burning pits of hell, or vats of boiling oil.

Death Rides the Races

Jockeys make lots of money and have plenty of spare time. All they've got to do to enjoy life . . . is live

By BOB McKNIGHT

Death Rides the Races



Horses are more often hurt than their riders. A good jockey knows how to roll and avoid hooves.

Some of these names will be familiar to you. They're only a few of the lads who died with their boots on: Lou Machado, Frankie Hayes, Harry Harris, Fred A. Smith, George (The Iceman) Woolf, and Earl Dew. Rather an imposing list of fine reinsmen, isn't it?

Let's see what happened to them.

Lou Machado will be remembered as one of the better pilots around the half-mile "bull rings" some years ago, a tough veteran of the racing wars.

Lou took a header one day at the old Marlboro track in Maryland. It wasn't spectacular as spills go, nor did Lou seem to be hurt, for he got to his feet at once. However, he must have been dazed. He made no effort to scramble under the rail to the safety of the infield.

Some of the fans in the crowd must have screamed a warning, though Lou couldn't possibly have heard it above the general tumult. Or perhaps he thought all the horses had passed. In any case, one horse that had been trailing the field smashed into him and put an end to his career. Lou Machado was killed instantly by nearly a ton of crashing horseflesh.

Frankie Hayes' case was more dramatic, and just as final. For this, we go back to June of 1923.

Frankie was a steeplechase rider, a branch of race riding which allows considerably more leeway in the riding weight department than flat racing. Even so,



Terrific spill at Agua Caliente shows four booters as they wait for ambulance. Two of them were seriously hurt, two only jarred.

Frankie fought a constant battle against going over riding weight. In a sense, he sweated himself to death, but that's not the most dramatic part of his story.

On this particular June day, Frankie had been promised the leg up on a mount named Sweet Kiss. The horse's owner, J. K. Frayling figured Sweet Kiss had an excellent chance to win with Frankie in the boot despite the fact he would have a talented jumper by the name of Gimme to beat.

On the morning of the race, Frankie weighed in at 145 pounds. The impost assigned to Sweet Kiss was 130 pounds. Frankie was 15 pounds overweight, too much for any owner to be expected to accept.

Frankie faced a virtually impossible job, that of sweating off those 15 pounds, but he went at it with determination. He donned heavy rubber sweat clothes and jogged around the track in the hot sun until he was all but out on his feet. He was sway-



If a rider isn't hurt in falling, he may be trampled by the horses.



The widow of George Woolf looks proudly at a statue of her husband who was one of the most beloved jockeys of all time. He died at Santa Anita.

ing on rubber knees, the sweat pouring off him, when he finally mounted the scales again. J. K. Frayling peered over his shoulder as the needle came to rest on 134.8 pounds. Frankie had worked off ten and two tenths pounds but was still nearly five pounds overweight.

Frayling shrugged, shook his head and started to turn away. Then he saw the bitter disappointment sagging Frankie's shoulders. Sentiment overcame his better judgment, or maybe he decided any jock willing to torture himself as Frankie had done could be expected to make up the overweight through sheer will to win.

"Okay, son," he said. "Get ready to ride. We'll accept the overweight."

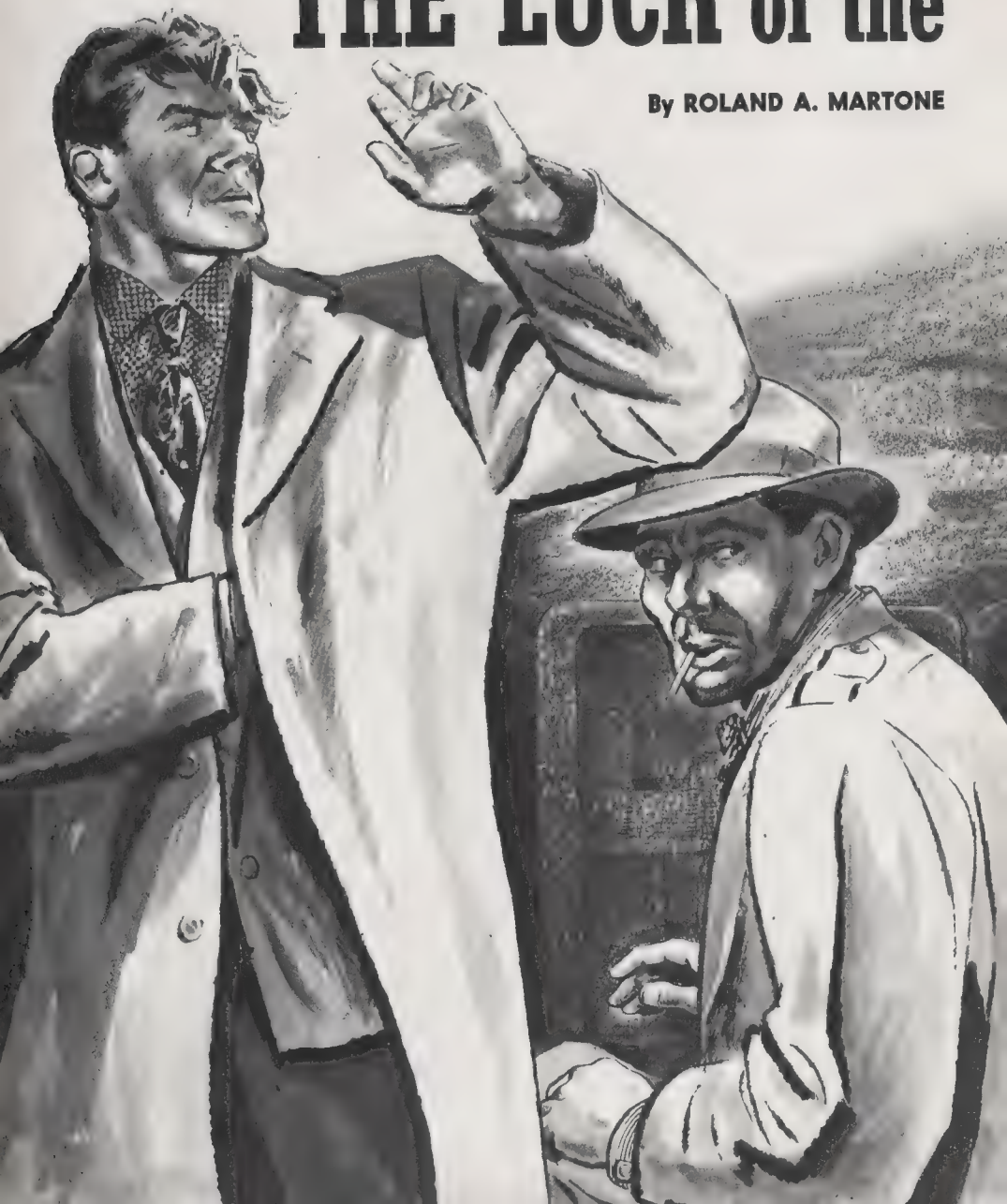
Gimme was made post time favorite, being backed down to four to five in the books. Sweet Kiss was five to one.

It looked like the bettors had picked the right horse for the first mile and a half of the race. Gimme jumped flawlessly, a good two lengths ahead of the field. But Frankie Hayes kept Sweet Kiss within striking distance in second place.

With only two jumps to go, Frankie and Sweet Kiss challenged, moving up on the outside. Sweet Kiss, presumably feeling Frankie's
(Continued on page 56)

THE LUCK of the

By ROLAND A. MARTONE



KNOCK



"This pal of mine—Joe—luckiest fella ever there was—"

● IT WAS DAWN when Superstitious Joe and I reached the empty warehouse. We figured we were safe. Joe was sure of it because on our way to the big shed a black cat had started to cross our path, then changed its mind and turned back.

"I ain't ashamed to say I'm superstitious," Joe said. "Look how lucky everything's been for me up to now."

"Sure . . . sure," I told him, but mostly I was telling it to myself, trying to pep myself up. No matter how many jobs I'd seen Joe pull off smoothly, I always sweated the next one out.

Still, even with all his good luck charms and his signs and all the other junk, Superstitious was a pretty hep guy, and when we got to that warehouse safe, he opened it up inside of ten minutes.

I began to feel a little bit better. In fact, by the time we started stuffing the dough into Joe's silk bag, I sort of got over that cheese-in-the-throat taste. Brother, was I wrong!

When the raid came, it came fast. We heard the sirens screaming in front of the building and almost at the same time we heard the bulls banging down the back door.

Those warehouse windows are awfully high from the floor, and, anyway, the ones in this shed we were in had bars across them, so Superstitious and I had to do some fast thinking.

I figured I'd play it safe and sit on the floor with my hands up. But not Joe. Superstitious beat it into the closet standing at one end of the warehouse. He's small and thin, and he began to squeeze his size six-and-a-half feet into a slosh bucket and then pull all the mops and brooms over in front of him. I went over and helped him hide that way. Then I kicked the closet door shut.

When the cops broke in, they asked me where the other guy was. I said I was alone. Hell, the job looked like a one-man deal at that.

The big shed was empty except for the safe, a desk,

two chairs, and the one closet—so all they had to do was look up and down just once to see that I was telling the truth.

Then I got a surprise. One nervous looking cop opened the closet door and took a good look inside. I could see the slosh bucket on the floor with a few mops standing up in it and leaning back against the rear wall. Superstitious had done a good job of hiding. The cop slammed the door behind him as he turned to walk away from the closet.

"My God," I thought, "he's done it again. Superstitious has come up with good luck again. He's out of this one, clean."

We started going out toward the door—and all of a sudden the nervous copper whips out a blue Colt and puts three shots through the closet door. The blasts roared through the empty warehouse for a few seconds. After they had quieted down, Joe's body forced the door open, and he spilled half out of the closet. I could see his feet were still in the bucket.

A sergeant came up to the nervous cop and punched him easy-like in the back.

"How come you did that, Kogan?" he asked him. "What made you pull a cute trick like that?"

"I don't know," the guy said. He said it kind of slow, like he was trying to convince himself while he talked. "I don't know. I just . . . well, I heard a kind of funny noise in there, and I thought I'd play it safe."

"Whaddaya mean?" the sergeant asked him. "What kind of a funny noise?"

"Well," the nervous cop told him, "I can't say for sure, and it sounds kind of on the screwball side, but, well, it was a noise like somebody was knocking on wood. Knocking on wood, that's what it sounded like."

The other coppers were going through Joe's pockets. They split up two tiny horse-shoes and a rabbit's foot.

THE END

V.S. When the siren sounded and the cops started toward the warehouse, it looked hopeless. Like always, though, Joe had a lucky hunch.

FIRE IN THE HOLE

A burning off-shore oil well roars like all the blast furnaces in Pittsburg going at once. The heat, close up, will melt cast iron. It's just the place to get a good action article

By PAUL LACOUR



● TEN CENTS had always dialed excitement before, and so when I dialed Lee Cox, photographer and pilot, I knew what to expect. Other times when visiting New Orleans I had sworn never to go story-seeking with him again. Even as the coin clinked into the receiver, a heart-stopping remembrance of debris strewn ground far below and turgid, boiling spumes of smoke flashed before me.

Lee's enthusiastic voice boomed in my ear. "Boy, are you lucky! I'm just leaving to get some pictures of that off-shore drilling barge that's burning down at Pointe-a-la-Hatche. Wait right there and I'll pick you up in a few minutes."

Futile in my efforts to prolong the conversation, I sighed and replaced the receiver. The humid thickness of the New Orleans atmosphere slugged me as I walked out of the air-conditioned building.

"If just one time," I thought, "I get down here and don't call that guy before I get a room, I'll be getting some sense."

Sodden and impatient in the heat, I tossed my useless coat across my arm. Standing with the station's wall cool against my back, I reflected that maybe it would be a fine chance to get a little first-hand knowledge on the off-shore oil drilling. My limited knowledge told me only that the oil companies were engaged in a vast

Escaping gas shoots high into the air. A moment later an accidental spark resulted in raging inferno.



From the air, the drilling barge at Pointe-a-la-Hache burning out of control looks like a gigantic blowtorch searing into the skies above.

exploration and drilling development of the wastelands lying below New Orleans. However, I was little prepared for the illuminating (to say the least) view that was in store for me that December afternoon.

"Hey, there, you flat-footed story-chaser! How did you sneak away from the obit columns long enough to come down to the gay city?"

Looking down into the crimson leather of the sports car, I gazed into the round, laughing features of Lee Cox, photographer extraordinary. Taking the meaty palm extended to me with one hand, I threw the suitcase behind the seat, narrowly missing a haphazard and costly pile of photo equipment strewn on the floor.

"Look, Lee," I began, "can't all this wait until tomorrow? Won't the fire still be burning? I didn't come down here to get live dope over my own dead body."

Head high, looking down at me, and not at all at the traffic, he spoke

disdainfully. "That's your big trouble, boy. You come all the way down here to do a story on the very thing we are going to see today. I offer a free trip and all you can think about is crawfishing into the nearest and coolest bed." He added disdainfully, "Probably thinking about using some canned info from one of your local friends."

"Yeah, and how about your free trip over that refinery explosion site? It comes back pretty clear to me, we very nearly hallowed the spot with our bones when you swooped down to get that last shot."

Grinning broadly, my careless host piloted the peppy little car the rest of the way to the seaplane hangar with the same carefree air that must have won him fame as a fighter pilot in the last war.

Later, as we winged southward over the sinuous Mississippi, I glanced down at the dismal, seemingly endless sweep of the water-logged

marsh country, and asked, "How far is it to this Pointe-a-la-Hache?"

"About fifty miles. Won't take long." Pausing, he added, "The fire is in the Pointe-a-la-Hache field, so-called because the little town of Pointe-a-la-Hache is the nearest settlement. Funny thing, too, about that field. There is a tremendous pocket of gas lying under it some 10,000 feet, and those boys drilling down there have to be mighty careful. That's what happened to this rig we are going to visit, they hit the pocket without warning and weren't able to get the blowout preventers closed quickly enough."

A brief racking of my oil drilling vocabulary told me that blowout preventers were the immense valves of finest steel that were on all drilling rigs for just such an emergency. I shuddered as I thought of the kind of force that it would take to cause the failure of one of those valves. For that matter, it would seem that



Upside down rig near flaming barge shows result of nature on a barge. Pic lower left shows size of barge before gas pressure overturned it.



FIRE in the HOLE

nothing made by man could withstand such ripping pressure coming from the bowels of the earth.

I hadn't been noticing the foreground for several moments when, with a stomach lifting motion, Lee nosed the plane sharply down and I got my first unforgettable look at the sight that haunts all oil-field workers. Before us, in the shallow waters of the Gulf of Mexico there leaped a searing sheet of yellow flame. Flying at the height of it, we could see it bulging and billowing into the bright sunlight. It soared in great bulbous masses again and again, shooting up weirdly without a trace of smoke. Below rested the smoking hulk of the drilling barge from which this colossal mass of fire issued.

Turning my attention to Lee's pointing finger, I could see that the barge itself was not burning, although it must have been as hot as hell. There was only the single jet of fire coming from one end of the barge, and through openings in the flame we could make out the derrick structure, twisted and red. The wind was



Boss Pinky Jordan, right, supervises struggle to bring fire under control. He saved four men who were injured badly in the initial blast.

blowing the flames away from the barge, and so another barge had tied to the rear, along with several small boats and two airplanes.

We tied up after a tricky down wind landing, and climbed onto the barge at the rear.

Immediately we saw why all the planes were there, for just at the moment that we climbed the ladder, two "roughnecks" climbed slowly down to the adjoining landing and helped another worker into one of the planes. His clothes had apparently been all but burned off, and his hands and face had some bad burns showing livid in the sun.

"There's Pinky Jordan now," Lee shouted over the roaring noise. He pointed to a thick-set, muscular fellow who had stopped his direction of the salvage work among the tangled mass of material on the barge to direct the loading of the injured worker. As quick as the plane shoved off, he turned to supervise the large crew of steel helmeted men pulling on a thick cable. It was a futile struggle. In a few moments a huge chunk of machinery resembling a motor came crashing down from the superstructure of the drilling barge onto the littered material barge where we stood.

"Pinky personally drug out the four men that were injured in the blast!" shouted Lee.

Not attempting further conversation against the insane roaring, he proceeded to move as close to the fire as the heat permitted to take his pictures. I started to follow, but Pinky motioned me back out of the way of the sweating roughnecks.

"Fellow," Pinky yelled, "you better not go up there. We're looking for that pressure to blow out a hole under the barge big enough to lower the Gulf two feet." Probably guessing the nature of our visit, he said, "Come back tomorrow if you want to see us squelch that burner."

We arrived the next day to find the fire had petered out of its own accord during the night, as if knowing that oil-fire fighting specialists, John Jobe and Associates, had arrived. They stuck around, however, thinking that perhaps the well would again start blowing.

We walked over the material barge, climbed up the rickety ladder to the drilling barge and surveyed the scene before us. The living quarters had been gutted, all the furnishings reduced to ashes. The sheet metal buildings serving the crew for living quarters and mess hall, had twisted in every manner of crazy pattern, the very coating of galvanized matter on the tin had peeled.

The roughnecks were working furiously under the floor of the drilling platform (Continued on page 64)

ACTION



FREE-FOR-ALL

1,000,000 GALS FOR SALE

Sirs:

Your story on female slavery in North Africa was far too general. What is needed in an expose of this sort is specific facts, places and names. Only then will public opinion sway toward angry denunciation of slave trading. With public opinion behind it, the UN can start to eliminate the vicious racket. As it is, your article fell flat on its nose.

Stuart Brigham
Tampa, Florida

Sirs:

In *Action's* August issue, the terrific expose of African slavery gets a heartfelt "well done" from me. It's the kind of story that packs plenty of punch and makes people mad enough to do something. Really excellent.

Samuel Brooks
Pocatello, Idaho

ED: Sam, meet Stu. Shall we hold your coats?

MIGHTIEST HEAVES

Sirs:

I'm frankly surprised that in *Greatest Throws of the Century* you didn't mention the late, unlamented Joe Stalin. He was far and away the greatest bull thrower of our time. Otherwise, thanks for an interesting, informative article.

James Lichener
Akron, Ohio

PYTHON PROBLEM

Sirs:

Could you inform me whether or not any python has ever exceeded a length of 30 feet? As usually seems to be the case, in questions sent to *Action*, this argument started in a bar. A friend of mine, who was drunk at the time, claimed to have seen a 30 footer in Malaya. Could he possibly not be a liar?

Joe Chase
Trenton, New Jersey

ED: He could possibly not be a liar, although he is very likely stretching his python to the breaking point. This specie of reptile has been reported to be over 30 feet in length. Unfortunately spectators rarely take careful tape measurements. Recently, near Singapore, a group of workers claimed to have seen the grandpappy of them all, a monster 35 feet long.

HERO

Sirs:

Sergeant Massey was one of my best pals for sixteen months in Korea. Your recent story on him was fine, but it lacked one detail that is important. When he carried a wounded ROK Marine to safety behind our lines after raiding the castle (the crude buildings where a Korean Prince lived before the war) he was considered a hero. But he had carried that ROK almost two miles with a fragment of mortar shell in his shoulder! In *Action's* account there is no mention of him being hurt. In fairness to Massey, it should be told. What he did was really great.

Corporal M. Hutchins
U.S.M.C.

ED: Our correspondent had a tough time getting any dope at all out of Massey. The sergeant, like all genuine heroes, preferred to talk about everything but his heroism.

HOW TO GET YOUR HEAD BLOWN OFF

Sirs:

Thank you for an entertaining and highly constructive story. Your article in August *Action* entitled *How To Get Your Head Blown Off* offers excellent advice. I was particularly interested in it because last year my husband was shot through the arm by another deer hunter who was passing a loaded rifle over a fence to him. Luckily, the bullet did not hit the bone and John suffered only severe powder burns plus a flesh wound. I told him that now his arm matched his head. Each had a hole in it. I enjoy *Action*. It has some fine stories.

Mrs. Judy Meadows
Portland, Maine

ED: If you weren't already married, we'd propose.

Sirs:

You'll never know the service you are performing for sportsmen when you run a story on safety in the field. I've never been hurt, but three years ago this November, I accidentally shot my hunting partner in the stomach. If I'd had enough brains to keep the safety on, or to hand him the rifle properly, he wouldn't have been hurt. As it is, he nearly died. I know what torture it is to sweat it out, wondering if a friend is going to die because of your stupidity. Articles like yours may make hunters think, 'before they have the kind of experience I had.

name withheld
Ontario, Canada

WISE GUYS

Sirs:

Who you trying to kid? In your last issue the picture on page 31 is a P-40. But in the story you keep talking about Captain Curtis flying a Sabrejet. Only a wise guy would try to thumb off a P-40 for a Sabre. A pal of mine and I both saw it. Any guy with half a brain can see the difference.

Peter Shannon
Phoenix, Arizona

ED: *Pete, if you and your pal put your half-brains together into one practical, whole brain, you'll take time to read the caption under the picture.*

MILE MILESTONES

Sirs:

My research indicates that the first speed-tested mile was made by Serpollet who averaged 75.4 miles per hour over the run. Also that John Cobb still holds the world's

speed record with 368.5 miles per hour. Could you verify these figures?

James Mantonny
Cleveland, Ohio

ED: *Your figures are close but not exact. Actually, the first speed-tested mile was made by Chasseloup-Laubat in 1898. In a Jeantaud, they averaged 39.23 miles per hour, a terrific speed in those days. At this printing, the world's mile record is 394.2 miles per hour. John Cobb, on September 16, 1947, made this record with his Railton-Mobil on the Bonneville Flats in Utah.*

FRIEND AND FOE

Sirs:

I'd just like to show my appreciation for what I consider to be a hell of a good magazine. Most men's mags on the stands today either ignore sex or wallow in it. I think you're doing a good job of giving us readers both sex and adventure in the right proportions. Certainly there are no two other subjects so fascinating to men today. Good Luck. That's all I wanted to say.

Peter Mañon
New York, New York

Sirs:

My boyfriend came over recently and spent the entire evening going through an *Action* that my brother had brought home. It seems a very lousy trick to pull on a gal who's working hard at hearing wedding bells. Nuff said.

Joanne Welsley
Miami, Florida

NO BULL

Sirs:

With the rash of bullfighting pictures and books and stories in magazines, I'm seriously wondering if anyone ever gets hurt in a bull ring. Manolete got killed, of course, and everyone is always talking about it. But has anyone else ever been punctured? I suspect that there is more bull to bullfighting than the one charging the red cape. What's the truth?

Edgar Bellows
Dallas, Texas

ED: *Pull in your horns, Ed. As the pic on this page shows, there is plenty of danger involved when a man on foot irritates the toro. You hear about Manolete more than any other simply because he was to bullfighters what Bing Crosby is to crooners or what Babe Zaharias is to female athletes. He was absolute tops in his field.*



Bullfighting is not for 'sissies. Matadors often are gored or trampled to death by enraged bulls.

THE MALE BODY

(Continued from page 6)

escapes the final tragedy of punch-drunk-ness.

The type of fighter who "mixes it," who goes in determined to give punishment even if he takes it, is also more liable to become punch-drunk than the more guarded and scientific type of boxer who is careful and skilful in defense.

FIRST SYMPTOMS of punch-drunk-ness are rarely dramatic, although there are episodes which have served as a warning.

Gene Tunney has described how he was once hit on the head by his sparring partner. He went on and boxed three more rounds, but later he had no recollection of having done so. He was "out on his feet." He remembered nothing, in fact, until he woke up the next morning.

Gradually he remembered his own name and that he was a boxer. It was three days, though, before he could remember the names of his most intimate friends. He had to give up training and not leave his cabin at all, for it was essential that the three newspapermen who were staying at the camp should not learn of his condition. When he returned to normal, he decided that any sport which exposed people to such accidents was dangerous. "The first seed of retirement was sown then," he writes.

Such cases of temporary loss of memory are frequent, even in amateur bouts. One 20-year-old amateur boarded a train after a bout and was six hundred miles away from his home when he came to himself again. Others have reported temporary difficulty in concentrating on anything and a loss of interest in the opposite sex.

These after-effects don't necessarily indicate any permanent damage. It is unusual for much harm to result from incidents of this kind. They are simply warnings that the integrity of the brain is being risked. If punch-drunkness follows further batterings, those first symptoms were generally so insidious that they were noticed only by the boxer's wife or his trainer.

His wife may complain of a subtle change in his personality which she can't understand. "He's different," she may say helplessly. Or she may complain that he's irritable. He may be absent-minded and his memory may be poor. He may have drifted into a state of happy forgetfulness. His emotions too, may have become more easily roused so that he is at the mercy of every passing stimulus—he may weep easy tears during the sad scenes at a movie and then roar with laughter at some joke while the tears are still wet on his face.

The boxer himself may strongly deny

that there's anything wrong, either because he genuinely does not realize it, or because he cannot face the truth. His manager too may tend to dismiss the wife's complaints as imagination. After all, it is in his interest that the boxer go on boxing, and it's always so much easier to believe the thing that you want to believe.

Then the physical signs begin to appear. First of all there is a slowness in reaction time. This shows in the ring. Movements are made with the old skill, but too late. The boxer may develop a glass jaw. The lightest blow will knock him out. Later on he may develop an iron jaw, when nothing short of a battering ram will get him off his feet. After a few blows he will reach a stage where he can take endless punishment, receiving a series of blows which he has not the initiative or speed to ward off, and from which unconsciousness will not come to save him.

Next, tremors begin to appear, first in

Natural Stumblebums

PROFESSIONAL butterfly catchers often use an insidious method of trapping their prey. They set out fruit that has begun to rot. The fermenting fruit acts on the butterflies in much the same way as wine acts on humans.

After a few sips, the beautiful creatures usually take one or two for the road, stumble a few feet away and fall dead drunk. The naturalist then sobers them up and adds them to his collection.

JAY ROARICH

the head, and spreading later to the arms. He begins to walk a little unsteadily, and every now and then one foot or leg will come flopping down as though uncontrolled.

If he gives up boxing at this stage he will probably improve. Sometimes, however, the process has gone too far and even if he retires it may continue to progress. If he goes on boxing there is no doubt at all that it will.

His voice soon begins to change as well. It becomes thick and halting, and he speaks in a mumble which is difficult to follow. His movements become jerky or sluggish and he may develop mannerisms such as scowling and grimacing. He reacts automatically to the old stimuli. A sound that suggests the ring bell may make him spring into some characteristic position of defense or attack.

The mental symptoms also become more pronounced. His memory gets so weak that he has difficulty in remembering anything even for a few minutes. His

mood swings violently almost from moment to moment. He will laugh or cry or fly into a rage at anything or nothing. Reading no longer appeals to him. In fact nothing can really hold his interest, apart from boxing.

A boxer in this state is much more susceptible to alcohol than the normal person, and a few drinks may throw him off his balance. Even without drinks his lack of control over moods may be dangerous. One boxer, accused of murdering a woman in a fit of jealousy, pleaded insanity on the grounds that he was punch-drunk. His plea failed and he was executed, which may have been right according to law. But the doctor's report clearly showed that his central nervous system had been affected and he was emotionally unstable.

IN THE END, when the condition is fully developed, the punch-drunk boxer becomes half dead. Thoughts flicker out and he sinks into a state not far from madness. Sometimes he may end up in a mental hospital. In other cases he may go on living at home, shambling unsteadily about in his mental twilight, unable to manage successfully even the simplest affairs of life.

At this stage there is no treatment. Once the nervous tissue has been destroyed it is gone for good. It is not capable of regeneration like most of the other tissues of the body.

Prevention has been discussed frequently. Headguards are not thought to be effective by most experts. Some even say they are actually dangerous because they lead to a false sense of security.

It has been suggested that there might be some improvement if more points were given during a bout as a reward for skilful defense. The tendency on modern boxing is for all the interest to be centered on attack. The only effective prevention, however, and even this may fail, is a strict limitation of the number of blows to which a boxer is exposed.

This can be achieved by spacing out his contests so that he doesn't fight too often in any one year, and by limiting the length of his boxing life. The whole problem is at present being studied by an international committee with medical correspondents in 60 countries.

It has been shown that even a relatively light blow on the head may cause the electrical rhythms of the brain to become abnormal for several hours. That is why doctors say it is definitely unwise to expose the brain unnecessarily to shock of any kind.

Maybe in a few years, as a result of research being carried out and recommendations being made, slap-happy, punch-drunk boxers will be relics of boxing's rough, raw history. Either that or the noble art of self-defense may be banned in all civilized countries on the grounds that it is inhumane.

THE END

KINSEY REPORT

(Continued from page 15)

estimates run to between thirteen and seventeen thousand. Women interviewed have been teen-agers, mothers, grandmothers, old maids and prostitutes. Only through interviewing all types can a common denominator be reached. Only through vast numbers can one come to a scientific average of women's behavior in sex.

That interviewing these vast numbers of all types will result in a positively accurate tabulation of sexual behavior in females is scientifically certain, for as Doctor B. W. Carter says, "The subject is aware from the first that she is being dispassionately studied by a sincere, shrewd and well informed scientific man."

At this point it can be stated that the volume will support many of the activities hinted at for years by psychiatrists, psychologists, marriage counselors and doctors of medicine. For example, as these professional men have implied, there is greater variety practiced by women than has been generally expected. Approximately eighty percent of the women who took part in this unique poll have had deviationist experiences with their sex partners. This does not necessarily mean that it is a regular habit with them, but it does mean that, at one time or another, they have deviated from what is popularly believed to be normal sex activities.

An important section of the book will deal with premarital experiences. Subjects have been asked if they petted before being married, how much and how often. They have been asked if they had premarital affairs and how often. Most important of all, they have been asked how their premarital experiences affected their married lives. Was petting good for their later marriage? Was ac-

tual intercourse a help to marriage? It has been discovered that usually premarital sex activities do help the marriage. A girl has been prepared for consummation of matrimonial ties rather than simply thrown into a honeymoon with no knowledge of what lies before her.

The report will show that the more education a wife has the more likely she is to be capable of physical abandon in relations which brings the most emotional satisfaction. Some women, who have serious inhibitions, have never had sex fulfillment even after years of marriage, while others have inhibitions which make them fear and reject stimulation achieved by deviation. It is hoped that with the publication of this Kinsey report, some of these inhibitions will be lessened, for if a woman finds that she is not alone in her sex activities she is less likely to feel guilty or ashamed.

The book, while stating a scientific average in sexual behavior, will actually point up the fact that it is impossible to state that this or that or the other is an average, for there are as many varied sex desires and drives as there are females. Some women love to have various parts of their bodies caressed or kissed. Some love to have their arms stroked or their hair stroked. Others love to be kissed on their hands or on their shoulders. There are many singular reactions to sex which will be discussed in Kinsey's report. For example, there are certain women who are completely unresponsive awake, yet can achieve sexual fulfillment in their dreams. Others can achieve it in their waking imagination without being able to do so with a male partner.

Kinsey feels that this volume will be of tremendous value to the average woman who reads it as well as to men of science and medicine. He is convinced that marriages can not only be saved, but made happier and closer by wives finding out that they are not bad or

different if they deviate occasionally.

He writes, "It is unwarranted to believe that particular types of sex behavior are expressions of psychoses or neuroses. They are more often expressions of what is biologically basic in mammalian behavior. Many socially and intellectually significant persons have socially taboo items in their sexual histories, and among them they have accepted nearly the whole range of so-called sexual abnormalities."

Kinsey admits that the present volume has been twice as much work as the original *Sexual Behavior of the Human Male*, which was greeted with such enthusiasm that it immediately became a best seller and still, years later, is selling very well.

It has not been women's false modesty or shyness that has made this book so difficult, but rather the simple fact that the sex life of the human female is more complex, she has more delicate and varied reactions to given situations and she has more mental and emotional qualifications to make about her reactions to such topics as nudity, contraception, homosexual experience, abortion, erotic stimuli and loss of virginity.

However, to make up for the additional work, this book should be twice as valuable as the first work, for men's sex lives have never been quite as clothed in secrecy as those of females. Although this new work will be treated as sensationalistic and viewed with horror by prudes, spinsters and some prim religious people, Kinsey hopes it will be taken as it is meant, a factual report on sexual behavior in women, no more or less.

To the cynics who suspect that Kinsey is doing this work for money, it should be explained that, although the original volume made profits in excess of five million dollars, Kinsey did not profit by the book. What he could have earned, he insisted on putting in a fund for the advancement of sex knowledge.

In the future, the indomitable Doctor intends to do more work on sexual behavior. He plans to do a volume on the behavior of divorced men and women, on children, sex offenders, and prostitution. He expects to interview probably one hundred thousand persons before his work is done.

When not working, Doctor Kinsey spends his time quietly at home. He enjoys children and they like him. A short time ago the youngsters in his neighborhood were putting on a play where the Doctor was an honored guest. One part of the skit showed a girl who had just come down from Venus. She was met by a young man in the role of Doctor Kinsey who began interviewing her. Half way through the interview, the girl from Venus whispered something in the Doctor's ear and he fainted dead away.

Doctor Alfred Kinsey laughed harder than anyone.



"Like thich, thee!"

THE END

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FOLLOW—OR DIE!

(Continued from page 21)

John H. Corcoran. Co-piloting was Lieutenant Richard Kerr. And behind them was the man who watched into the crystal ball that would tell our future, the radar operator, Lieutenant George Huntley, Jr.

"What's your name?" the captain called.

I told him.

"Ever been into Narsarsuak before?"

I said we had.

"Well, then you know what a hell of a place that fjord can be when it's sealed with an overcast. Just hang close. We'll do okay."

Captain Corcoran seemed calm and his voice was deliberately reassuring.

"Our radarman can see through this stuff," Captain Corcoran said. "I'm going to fly back to the mouth of the fjord. Follow me."

The 17 made a sharp 180 degree turn. So did I.

Above the mouth of the fjord, where it streams in from the sea, Captain Corcoran called again:

"This stuff is about 3700 feet thick . . . when I start down, follow at about 10 feet distance."

Perspiration trickled off my nose and soaked into my flight jacket. Brownie was sweating too.

"Get ready," Captain Corcoran's voice broke the silence. "We're going to start our drop in approximately 30 seconds."

I pulled off my dark glasses, threw them toward the rear of the cabin and started the windshield wipers. I looked at the rock-filled clouds below. One slip—that's all it would take.

We were at 4000 feet indicating 155 mph when we got the order to slack off on speed. Then the 17 skipper called.

"Hang onto our tail . . . here we go!"

The windshield wipers raced wildly. Thick vapors curled around the propellers until we couldn't see them. And then we lost sight of the B-17!

I pulled back on the stick, shoved full throttles and called Captain Corcoran.

"We've lost you . . . I'm going back up."

"Roger," he called, his voice still calm, still deliberately reassuring.

The 17 rendezvoused with us again. We tried the drop once more. Again we lost sight of the 17 after about 200 feet and climbed back up. I checked the fuel. Only 45 gallons. Something had to happen, real fast.

"You willing to take a chance on a plan we've got?" Captain Corcoran radioed.

"What choice have we?" I answered. "This gas will give out any week now!"

Then he explained there was a fairly straight 14 mile long stretch in the fjord.

"I want you to fly formation with me," he instructed. "Check our heading." It was 86 degrees. "Hold that heading and when I signal you, cut your power and descend at 1500 feet a minute for two and a half minutes. If you don't break through the overcast in that time, gun 'er back up here full throttle."

He explained that his radarman would sight the 14-mile long stretch on his scope and get us started dead center between the mountains on each side. The B-17 would stay aloft until we radioed we had made it. If we made it.

At the designated spot over the valley of clouds, Captain Corcoran wished us good luck and then commanded, "Drop!"

We were now at 3800 feet doing 155 mph. I nosed her down, chopped the power, dropped the landing gear and flaps.

Thirty seconds after we dipped into the clouds we had dropped from 3800 feet to 2800 . . . then 2300 . . . 2000 . . . 1800. I was dropping faster than Corcoran had instructed. Don't ask me why. I hate to tell you I was just plain scared to hell and wanted to get it over as fast as possible.

Brownie and I had our noses pressed against the windshield watching, praying . . . 1500 . . . 1200 . . . the engines whined . . . 800 . . . 500 then a ghostly glow like dawn on a cloudy morning . . . then light. We were through the overcast! We could see light and the water of the fjord below.

"Look out!" cried Brownie. "Pull her left, left."

I veered left automatically and at the same time I saw what had unnerved Brownie. There was a jagged black rock ledge and we'd been heading smack into it. I dipped to 75 feet elevation and began winding up the fjord.

The field at Narsarsuak is a bitch. Instead of being level, it slopes downward toward the fjord. You have to skim the water and land upgrade. I dipped low, leveled out as the wheels touched and cut the power. We rolled to a halt near the operations shack. Brownie and I were both as wet from sweating as if someone had thrown a bucket of water on us. And that's quite a feat in ten below zero weather.

We climbed out as the B-17 landed. I almost kissed Corcoran.

"Congratulations," he said. "Nice job of flying up there today."

But it wasn't until that night while I was having a drink with the B-17 skipper that he opened up.

"You made history today," he told me. "History?"

"Yeah, we didn't think you had a prayer of making it through that overcast." He gulped down the rest of his drink. "You see, we didn't want to tell you up there," he said gesticulating, "but you're the first guy we ever tried to bring in here on a radar-controlled approach."

THE END

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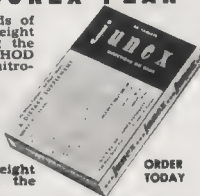
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The chronic gambler is a great one for taking chances. Not only at bucking odds during a game, but in everything he does. He wants to cross the street and sees a fast approaching automobile. Rather than wait a moment until the car passes, the chronic gambler will dash across and take a chance on being killed or maimed.

During a game of chance an ordinary person may have his mind on half a dozen things. The car he's going to buy, the girl friend, anything. But not so with the chronic gambler, his mind is 100% on his game. It has been said that if a psychotic gambler were in a game, and knew he was going to be executed the next day, his thoughts would still be entirely on the game.

Let's take a quick trip to Las Vegas, Nevada, the gambler's idea of heaven on earth and study the faces of some of the players. Some of them are smiling, laughing, relaxed. Others are tense and silent, even though the stakes they play for may not be as high as that of the first group. These are psychotic, or true gamblers. Beads of perspiration stand out on their foreheads. They are glassy eyed and thin lippled. Their hands tremble and they stare at the dice or roulette wheel as if they were hypnotized which, in a sense, they are.

A psychotic gambler is always full of optimism. Fate is against everyone at the table except him. He actually feels he can force luck his way even when he understands the mathematical odds of combinations. If he plays poker he'll probably know that five out of every ten opening hands will be busts, four will contain one pair, and one will be better than a pair. If he holds a pair and draws three cards his chances of making three of a kind are one to 26. But he'll think he can make a full house or three of a kind. Mathematically, with a pair to start, chances of making a full house is 1-89. Chances of drawing two cards the same as his pair to make four of a kind are 1-359. And that's taking it for granted the game is honest.

A psychotic gambler can't stop when he's winning. "Why should I?" he asks. "This is my lucky night." He can't stop when he's losing. "Why should I?" he asks. "I have to make up my losses."

A normal person gets a kick out of winning during a card or bingo game. The gambler gets a thrill between the game of betting and the outcome of the game. He is in a state of tension that is both pleasurable and painful at the same time. The psychiatric term for this condition is masochism.

As an example of gambling masochism, take the case history of William X, a young business man who had himself declared bankrupt. His financial insolvency was caused by a game that is merely relaxation to most people, billiards.

Bill was a good billiard player but by no means outstanding. When competing

against a run-of-the-mill player he would always win. But everytime Bill played an ordinary player, and won his bet, he had a let-down feeling. He would then deliberately seek out the best player in the house, wager all his money, and, of course, lose.

In the *Journal of Criminal Psychopathology* Dr. Bergler calls this the gambler's "unconscious desire for self punishment," a masochistic trait common to the true gambler.

How can the psychotic gambler be helped?

According to Dr. Bergler, and other medical men, the answer lies in the field of psychiatry. As has been shown, the gambler subconsciously wants to hurt himself or someone close to him. And the psychiatrist's job is to find this hidden drive. But it is difficult to get the gambler to see the reason for help. Alcoholics realize they need help but seldom does the gambler feel the same way. He considers his gambling normal.

Even so, once a gambler can be talked into psychiatric care, half the battle is won. By means of psychoanalysis it is possible to draw forth from the subconscious the fear or hatred that causes his trouble.

Many gamblers are children at heart and have only grown up physically. We all have fears and desires in childhood but most of us lose these fears and conquer our desires for castles in the air during the period that leads to adolescence. This is nearly always so in a home where children receive the love which is necessary for proper emotional growth.

Medical case histories show that many gamblers came from homes where this parental warmth was lacking. As children they sensed they were unwanted and as adults they found gambling gave them a false sense of power that made them seem important in their own eyes and, as they often imagine, in the eyes of others.

Whatever the problem is, and every gambler has one, his only hope seems to lie in psychiatric help. It may be that someday gambling fever will be as easily cured as the once fatal diseases that are now cured overnight with the wonder drugs. When that day comes it will be truly a national blessing. For what is more pathetic than a person afflicted by an illness that always makes him want to lose?

THE END

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DEVILFISH

(Continued from page 18)

rapidly drifting to the southwest.

I looked up at the ship and was deciding whether to preserve my breath for the long battle in front of me, or scream again, when I felt it. Something hard and scaly brushed lightly against me. I turned. And then I really belloved.

It was the manta ray all right. It had brushed me in passing and now had turned and was headed directly for me. God, I never saw anything so big, so completely, horribly evil, in my worst dreams.

The giant mouth was wide and the sun glinted on the rows and rows of green, moldy teeth. The great hollow cavern behind those teeth yawned like the chasms of hell.

I don't think I moved for the next two seconds. I was completely overcome with the paralysis of fear and horror.

And then it was upon me.

They say that when death approaches, during that last fragmentary moment between one world and the next, a man's whole life passes before his eyes. That may be true, but in my case it wasn't. The only thing which passed before my eyes was the awful realization of what was happening to me during those few seconds while I still remained conscious.

My whole body was but a minute morsel for that great devilfish. I felt the jar as his pale red lips sucked me in; I felt the tearing of my clothes and my flesh

as I went past those rows of teeth. I felt a terrible slimy sense of mucous enclosing around me; I felt an unholy, awful fear. There was a sudden congestion, a mortally grim pressure, a foul, decadent odor. And then there was nothing. My last conscious thought was the realization that I had been swallowed whole by this huge monster of the deep.

(Editor's Note: The following words are written by William Chalmers, first mate aboard the sloop *Miasma*.)

The first realization I had that Captain Fleming was overboard was when I heard a scream above the low moan of the wind. I knew in a second what had happened. I had just ducked my head below the hatch when the vessel lurched to the port. I realized that Cap must have started aloft and been thrown into the sea.

I can't say now that I consciously thought of what I did next. It must have been instinct and it also must have been partly the years I've spent in tropic waters.

But instead of rushing up on deck, I dropped to the floor of the cabin below and grabbed the Magnum rifle. Then I went back on deck and yelled for the boy at the helm to put about. After that I looked in the direction from which I had heard the yell.

I saw it happen.

I saw Cap Fleming start his swim for the *Miasma*. Then, a second later, I saw the manta swirl in the water and head for him. I saw the captain's body swallowed by those tremendous jaws.

That's when I raised the rifle to my shoulder. God certainly must have di-

rected my trigger finger that day. I don't even remember firing. Later, Chips, the cook, told me I held my index finger pressed to the trigger until the magazine was empty.

Blood was spreading on the water as I dropped the gun to the deck. I knew that I had hit my target all right, but I wasn't sure at all that the giant devilfish was killed. I certainly was far from sure that one of those lead slugs that had penetrated the fish hadn't also penetrated the body of Captain Fleming.

But I never bothered to think about that.

We had been towing our dingy, the one Cap and I had used early that morning to return aboard the *Miasma*. Thank the Lord we'd been too hung-over to haul it aboard.

Moments later I dropped into the dingy and grabbed the oars. I yelled to Chips, standing on deck above me, to toss off the painter. Instead, he climbed down beside me and taking the long butcher's knife from the sheath at his side, cut the line.

A dozen strokes and we reached the side of the giant ray, which was slowly turning on its back. Blood was streaming from a half dozen torn gaps in the head and belly of the great monster. It was still feebly flipping its great fins.

I know that I never believed we could do anything for poor Captain Fleming, but I guess no one ever completely gives up hope. When Chips grabbed hold of the fish, I took the long butcher knife from his hand and literally climbed from the boat to the huge stomach which was floating facing the sky. I started just beneath where the gills ended and I began cutting. With fear, hysteria, I don't know quite what it was, I worked like a madman.

Anyway, in less than two minutes, the point of the knife exposed a piece of tan cotton cloth.

For the first time I caught my breath and took hope. And although I wasted precious seconds and even minutes, I used the knife with caution. It wasn't too difficult once I had started to split the giant belly.

We got him out in one piece. He was badly mashed, one arm was broken and he was covered with slime. He was unconscious but he was still breathing.

I realized that that giant fish's belly must have been filled with air when I had first stuck the knife into him and a blast of foul gas hit my face.

The rest is history. We got Captain Fleming back on board. Artificial respiration finally brought him to, and penicillin and drugs kept him alive while we fought our way back to Tampico through the gathering storm. Six weeks in the hospital put him back on his feet as good as new.

We're sailing again, now, but if there's a manta around, Cap watches his step!

THE END



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DEATH RACES

(Continued from page 39)

urgency and determination, responded gamely. Head and head the two game thoroughbreds approached the final jump and took off simultaneously.

Sweet Kiss passed Gimme in mid-air.

Gimme was staggering now but fought it out with rare courage. The rest of the field now strung out many lengths behind, Frankie Hayes and Sweet Kiss weren't to be denied.

The roar of the crowd as Sweet Kiss, the winner, pounded across the finish line was suddenly hushed. A few yards past the finish wire, Frankie Hayes crumpled and pitched from the saddle.

He was dead. His heart had finally rebelled at Frankie's rigorous efforts to maintain riding weight.

ONCE IN a while humor creeps into the drama, like the time Ralph Neves piled up at Bay Meadows race track near San Francisco. Ralph was only 19 at the time.

It was a May afternoon and Ralph was needing his way through the pack into contention aboard a four-year-old by the name of Fannikins, when the colt crossed his forelegs and catapulted Ralph into the inside rail.

Fannikins lurched to his feet and set out after the other horses. Neves, a crumpled blur of silks, remained motionless. He was rushed to the hospital in an ambulance where a doctor listened vainly for a heart beat. He shook his head and pulled a sheet over Ralph's head.

"This rider," he said, "is dead."

Neves, the Portuguese Peppercorn, refused to stay dead.

A moment after the grim pronouncement he sat up on the emergency table.

"I've gotta get the hell outa here," he said. "I've got a mount in the seventh."

A few years after this episode, Ralph won the title of "guttier rider of the meeting" at Santa Anita.

Phil Kelly's "death" is still mentioned around the Shed Rows of the country. Phil was prominent about the same time as Snapper Garrison during the early years of the century.

It happened at the old City Park race-track in New Orleans back in 1906. Phil was piloting an aged plater named Stride-well when he ran into a traffic jam at the head of the stretch. When he tried to ease back out of trouble, he threw his mount off balance and the pair of them piled up in the dirt.

There were no track hospitals or physicians in those days. A doctor was summoned from the stands.

"Dead," the doctor said.

The infield flag was run down to half mast. The track musicians solemnly played the death march while the racing fans stood with bared heads, and the "mortal remains" of Phil Kelly were carried to the lawn and covered with paper to await the arrival of the meat wagon from New Orleans.

Without thinking, they had laid Kelly down near a lawn sprinkler which somehow got turned on. No one seemed to notice that the recumbent Kelly was getting a shower until the paper was suddenly shoved out of the way and Phil came out sputtering, with only a headache to remind him of his brush with death.

Harry Harris was once believed to be America's best steeplechase rider. One day he was schooling a green jumper over the course in the infield at Belmont Park when the horse refused to rise to the brush. As he swerved, he crashed into the wooden "wing," splintering it. One of the broken boards pierced Harris' body, killing him instantly.

His tragic death gave impetus to a reform which has undoubtedly saved many lives, both horses and riders. At many of the ovals featuring steeplechase riding now, the wings, panels, and posts of the jumps are made of a substance called homasote. These obstacles look

exactly like their wooden forerunners, but when hit, they yield readily, without injury to horse or rider.

Fred A. Smith will be remembered by most of us as a top-notch flat rider. He started his career at Alamo Downs in Texas, then went on to make his courage and stretch gameness a byword at the New England tracks and around the Chicago wheel.

A gutty rider, whether veteran or apprentice, fired by the desire to win, will drive his mount through a knot-hole if that's the only way through a massed field of horses. Sometimes they don't make it. Fred Smith's luck at going through knot-holes ran out at Hollywood Park. He was crushed under dozens of flying hooves.

Many track followers have often wondered if Earl Dew had a premonition about going to Aqua Caliente on February 2, 1941. Certainly he wasn't keen about going, but it may have been his natural modesty that made him reluctant.

For those who don't remember, Earl Dew won the American Jockey Championship in his apprentice year of 1940. He was a gentlemanly, teen age lad with a nice smile, and was especially popular with the west coast fans. They took him completely to their hearts, and rooted for him whole heartedly against his rival for jockey honors, Walter Lee Taylor, an eastern saddlesmith.

As the year drew to a close, and the issue was stalemated, Earl decided to go down to Caliente, which runs on Sunday, in the hope of annexing the race which would tip the balance his way. He won it.

The Caliente management, wishing to honor Earl and show their appreciation for the limelight he had brought to their race course, invited him to be their guest of honor on February 2, 1941 at which time he would be presented with a gold watch amidst all due pomp and ceremony.

Incidentally, Earl Dew rode his first winner at Caliente, which would seem to suggest that he'd want to return for this ceremony. However, the fact remains that he didn't want to go. He had commitments at Santa Anita Saturday afternoon, and to fill the Caliente engagement meant he'd have to fly down below the border.

He finally agreed to go if he could get an airline reservation. He seemed relieved when told all the seats had been sold.

"That settles that," he said. However, the "man on the pale horse" wasn't letting him off that easy. In less than an hour the airline office called back to inform him there had just been a cancellation, and that they would hold the seat for him.

He went to Caliente expecting to just appear for the presentation ceremony, but somebody thought it would be a nice gesture to the many fans who had gathered to see him, if he rode one token race. "All right," he said.

His mount was a five-year-old mare,

Bosca. The field had just rounded the turn into the stretch when Bosca went crashing into the track. Draco and Whiz Shot were pressing too close to avoid piling up on top of the downed horse and rider.

Bosca's neck was broken. Earl, semi-conscious, was taken to the jockey room for first aid. Then, after a bit of rest, he decided to take a walk in the grounds, still shaken but apparently all right otherwise. Soon after, he collapsed, and was rushed by ambulance to a San Diego hospital some 25 miles away.

He was pronounced dead on arrival. His skull had been fractured in the pile-up.

GEORGIE WOOLF was known as the "iceman" because of his unusually cold, unruffled craftsmanship under pressure. He is rated as one of the truly great jockeys of all time.

He was another one who fought a constant battle with the calories in order to "make weight." Also, he was a diabetic and had to take insulin shots frequently. Some think insulin shock may have contributed to his tragic death at Santa Anita.

I was standing at the rail near the finish wire that day, and here's the way it looked to me.

George had only one mount that afternoon. He probably wasn't feeling very well, for I learned afterwards that he hadn't wanted to ride, but that he'd taken the boot up on Please Me as a favor to the owner, who felt the horse could win with George in the pilot house. Whatever the circumstances, Georgie was in the boot as the horses charged into the Clubhouse turn.

Please Me seemed to stumble, but hardly enough to unseat an accomplished reinsman like Georgie. The horse didn't go down, but George dived into the track. As the field swept on, he lay there motionless. I think all of us expected him to get up and dust himself off.

It seemed like only seconds till the ambulance drove out onto the track and took the small form away. Still, I'm sure most of us fully expected that a report would soon be given over the public address system that George was all right, just shaken up badly, or maybe a broken arm or collar bone at worst.

When word was finally passed that he had died shortly after arriving at the track hospital, it was a profound shock.

Today there is a statue of George Woolf overlooking the paddock at Santa Anita. It was here that he rode the immortal Seabiscuit, the only champion to make a come-back after being retired because of injuries.

Jockeys have a hazardous profession with that added starter, death, too often the winner.

So don't be too hard on them the next time you lose two bucks.

THE END



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THE COOK

(Continued from page 27)

them in the mess tent. It seemed more like a field hospital than a battalion aid station. We tried to be everywhere at once, seeking those injured most seriously.

Most of Able Company had been wiped out, but we had repulsed the first attack. Then there was another, stronger than the first, and it became hand-to-hand fighting. Suddenly our artillery support ceased just as it was most urgently needed. Then I heard the mortar officer shout "fire," and the mortars began laying it in, keeping it up until dawn.

AS I WAS moving among the wounded outside, an infantry officer ordered me to get a rifle and get up on the line. I took an M-1 from one of the dead and started for the line. I had no rifle training except what I had learned from GI friends. I shot hell out of the enemy line until the error was discovered by Doctor Navarre, who ordered me back to the field hospital.

It is difficult to single out one man's deeds over another, but the courage of our commanding officer Lieutenant Colonel Don Faith, inspired us all to exceed our capabilities. (Editor's Note: Lieutenant Colonel Faith received the Congressional Medal of Honor, posthumously, for his actions at the Changjin Reservoir.)

I will not forget the Colonel's order for retreat. It was a tragic moment for everyone, especially the GIs. It is a grave moment when a good soldier's best action is to retreat.

The Chinese had encircled our position and we were cut off from supplies. Ammunition and medical supplies were running short. We had no alternative.

Retreat, we knew, was inevitable, but when it was discovered how securely we were blocked from the rest of the task force, it was postponed. Our first day of defense was successful, no line completely broken. We dug in deeper and prepared for the coming night. We spent the day dressing GI and ROK wounded and now and then a Chinese casualty. The Chinese seemed so young. I asked one in Chinese how many battalions attacked us.

"Three regiments," he answered.

Three regiments attacking one battalion! This meant we could expect a repeat of last night's battle. To fight seemed futile against such odds, especially against an enemy heavily equipped with tanks, automatic weapons, 76mm. howitzers and multiple rocket launchers. The Chinese displayed skill and high morale.

Tending the wounded seemed hopeless, for there was much re-wounding of the wounded. Whether deliberate or accidental, the Reds had the battalion aid station zeroed in. Explosions knocked us flat many times.

About 2200 that night sporadic firing started and in a matter of minutes it was a full scale fight. The situation was different now, as several sections of the line were pierced. We sent up everyone who could walk and shoot to fill the breaks.

By dawn our eastern flank was in great danger. Baker Company was sent to reinforce the danger area. In the meantime our manpower had declined to an impossible point and it was obvious that we would not be able to hold the area another night. The word was passed that we were moving out, with or without air support.

SNOW WAS falling and an icy north wind rolled off the Reservoir. Each new advance of the enemy was as furious as the first. It was a horrible situation, and without air support it would be worse. Then, as despondency was settling in, the sky parted and the sun broke through, followed by Navy Hell Cats unleashing their load on the enemy.

We moved rapidly out on the line to find as many wounded as we could before heading south. The horror and viciousness of the battle was evident when we dismantled the tents to move the wounded. There were men without arms, men without legs, some with only half their heads. Tenderly we began moving the wounded. The Reds foresaw our plan and began concentrating their fire on us, trying to block our retreat. I became an infantry man with my M-1.

There was no time for the dead. Some of the men wept with pain as they walked, others fell grotesquely along the

MAD DOG

LOS ANGELES police were not surprised to get a call from a panicky woman informing them that there was a "mad-dog killer" on the loose in the suburbs of L.A.

They were surprised, however, to find that the "killer" was a dog. A healthy, happy mongrel was trotting down the street with a deadly German Luger clamped firmly between his teeth.

A quick thinking officer rushed into a nearby butcher shop, grabbed a fist full of hamburger and offered to trade it for the gun. The canine desperado laid his weapon down carefully, wagged his tail, took the offered meat and galloped down an alley.

The owner of the gun was never identified. The dog was never seen again.

The butcher was paid and the case was closed.

CLAYTON BECK

frozen roadside, completely resigned to death. We collected casualties as we moved down the road, begging them to live, promising them warm food, sleep and safety, if they would only go on.

It was nearly noon when we finally reached the position supposedly held by the Third Battalion. But before us lay a deserted valley, covered with dead—ours and theirs. The rail bed along the margin of the Reservoir formed an embankment. Obviously, this was the Third's last stand.

Gradually the events of the last two days took shape. Numerous Chinese forces had marched in separate columns down the peninsula, the first element encountering us, the rest hitting the rear of the task force. Now we knew why the artillery had been silenced. Pieces of artillery had been completely destroyed. You couldn't move five feet without stumbling over enemy dead.

It was time to prepare for another night's stand. We knew they would apply pressure in an effort to decimate the remainder of the task force. We were out of ammunition and food. At 1300 an air drop was made. The yellow, blue, red and white parachutes seemed like an answer to our prayers.

We set up a new Battalion aid station in the ditch of the railroad. Colonel Faith came by to speak to the wounded.

"Doctor Lee, you look tired," he said. "No, sir. I'm as fresh as you are."

The Colonel smiled, and I knew then I would never let down a man as good as this.

Night fell and the battle began immediately. It was as it had been the night before. Even with the aid station under fire, Doctor Navarre and his men continued working.

On the morning of the thirtieth we were relieved by air support. There had been no warm food for three days, only frozen C-rations. We had no fuel or water. We ate snow.

Frost bite began to take its toll but we were too short of manpower to let frost bite become a reason for taking a man off his post. And then it was night again.

Fighting was frenzied but Colonel Faith seemed confident that we could hold, and that was enough for the rest of us. Mortars began to fall haphazardly over the area, many of them dropping in on the aid station.

A captain handled the heavy mortars. About 0200 on the first of December our mortars were silenced. I could hear crying, a few minutes later the captain's voice was heard again, and the remaining mortars opened up. About 0400 the enemy finally infiltrated and a quickly organized team of ROKs and GIs was sent to wipe them out.

Little Chisai, who had called me the night of the first attack, was injured in the thigh trying to bring in wounded. By 0500 our line had weakened to a point of near defeat. An enemy shell exploded

outside the main aid station. We hurried outside to find the wounded there had been killed. At daybreak air support came again. I walked out and watched the fighting. There were only about two companies left, and they were more dead than alive.

Colonel Faith ordered us to make ready to move out. We were going to try to make it to the Marines in Hagaru-ri. All our trucks and jeeps were lined up along the roadside. In half an hour we had every patient loaded and we began to move.

It was a slow tedious job, for the enemy was endeavoring to zero us in. Some fanatics appeared in front of the convoy but our air support spotted them and burned them out with napalm. They had been so close that some of the napalm hit the convoy, burning a close friend of mine who was a lieutenant in the ammunition company.

Behind us the Chinese were busily grabbing gear we had abandoned. Ahead the road weaved crazily along the frozen Reservoir. Hundreds of the enemy had burrowed into the mountain on our left, waiting for us, only to be killed by our air support.

At 1300 we reached a muddy area surrounded on three sides by high hills. Here we had to cross a river where a bridge had once stood. The crossing was so difficult that even the 6-by-6 trucks got stuck. Our convoy was stretched and stalled and the enemy found it easy to pick off the walking. The medics, who were left, followed behind the convoy, loading the wounded. At the river crossing we ran out of space to load the wounded and we began stacking them on top of each other.

By dusk only two thirds of the convoy had been able to cross the river and our air support was forced to leave. Only a handful of foot soldiers remained, and then I learned that Doctor Navarre had been wounded. I was shocked, but I could not cry. I had no more strength left.

As soon as the air support left, the enemy reoccupied their bunkers. In a bunker ahead of us, ten Chinese were stopping the convoy. A group of survivors, ROKs and GIs, attacked the bunker, but were killed. Another group dispatched by Colonel Faith was stopped by enemy fire. Then a short man started climbing the hill behind the bunker. We opened up full blast to distract the enemy, praying to God that he would make it. At the top he inserted his M-1 into the bunker and let loose, killing everyone in the bunker. I learned later that he was an ROK litter man named Chae. The convoy began to move again.

A full moon, brighter by the reflection of snow, turned night into day. I talked with Doctor Navarre, who was riding in one of the ambulances. Although wounded himself, he was caring for the others. I had just left him when they came at us with their bugles, cymbals and drums.

They let loose with mortars, machine-guns, burp-guns and hand grenades. For a moment the fighting was fierce, and then it was over. One by one those who had weapons were killed, including Colonel Faith, and then there was complete silence.

I didn't know what to do. I didn't know where I was, but I knew that soon the enemy would be upon me. I started to creep towards the Reservoir heading in the direction of the North Star. After going about 500 yards I seemed to be safe from enemy fire. I was thirsty and I tried eating snow but it wouldn't quench my thirst. I couldn't crawl anymore. I was too exhausted. I stood up and began walking. I saw red tracers in the far south and I knew I was going the wrong way, for red tracers meant GIs. I began to have hallucinations, now and then the red tracers would appear before me and I would move on.

Then someone shook my shoulder. "Hey, wake up!" I opened my eyes and there were three GIs. One helped me up.

"Do you know where the Marines are?" one of them asked.

"Yes, I think it is that way." They helped me along, and there were

times when I fell asleep. And then we were challenged.

"Halt!" said a voice. "Pass word!" "We don't know what the pass word is, we haven't heard for three days," I replied.

"Say some English," he ordered. One of the soldiers talked with him and we were passed. We were led to a small town which I learned later was Hagaru-ri. I also learned that Doctor Navarre and a few others had escaped, although I never saw them again.

I was lying in bed when a Navy corpsman said, "It is good to have you with us, doctor. Would you be interested in working with the Marines?"

I was, and on the second of December I joined the Easy Medical Company of the First Marine Division. Someday in the future, if I live that long, I will be going to the United States with a medical scholarship. Whatever happens to me, I am satisfied that my countrymen who fought with the GIs were equal to the situation. Perhaps, in time, the animosity will be gone, and peace will come to my country.

That is what I pray for.
THE END

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**THE MAN WHO TURNED DOWN
THE WORLD SERIES CHAMPIONSHIP**

GOOD sportsmanship is generally
looked upon as something to be
discussed at Boy Scout meetings and
to be indulged in during amateur
contests every now and then. But
it is generally regarded as naive and
out of place in professional sports,
where hard cash rides on the out-
come.

Yet a gesture of good sportsman-
ship once cost the man who made it
the highest honor in professional
baseball, the World Series champion-
ship.

It was the seventh and deciding
game of the 1925 World Series.
Washington was meeting the Pirates
at Forbes Field and excitement was
high, but the Pittsburgh weather
wouldn't cooperate. It was raining
as though the sky had busted wide
open.

The game already had been called
off one day so it was decided to
stage this contest even though the
weather was foul. It got worse as
the game went on.

The rain was so heavy and blind-
ing that baseball writers reported
from their press boxes they couldn't
make out the outfielders. The play
was delayed every now and then to
bring in sawdust to the field in an
effort to combat the quagmire qual-
ity of the terrain, and one diamond
scribe averred that more sawdust had
been used around the pitching box
than anywhere since the passing of
old-time saloons.

"Everytime a player slid he made a
perfect picture of the face on the
barroom floor," he chronicled.

Finally, in the sixth inning, Judge
Landis, the baseball commissioner,

turned to a person sitting in his box
and said, "The game ought to be
called off."

The individual to whom Judge
Landis had made his remark was
Clark Griffith.

Washington was leading 6 to 4.
If the game were called off, Wash-
ington became the winner of the
World Series.

But Clark Griffith didn't want to
win that way. He said, "I wouldn't
call it off if I were you, Judge. It
wouldn't sit well with the fans."

So the game wasn't called off.
Roger Peckinpaugh, the Nat short-
stop who only three weeks before
had been chosen most valuable play-
er in the American League, went on
to commit his seventh and eighth
error of the series. As a consequence,
Walter Johnson, 38 and in his 19th
baseball campaign, pitching for the
third time in nine days after allow-
ing Pittsburgh only one run in the
other two games he'd faced them,
found himself in the eighth inning
with three men on base when there
should have been three straight outs.
Kiki Kuyler then sent a scorching
smash down the right field line—
and Pittsburgh emerged the winner
of the game and the series.

Clark Griffith had turned down the
world championship. A lot of big
and important things have happened
to Mr. Griffith in his half century
in the baseball world, but he is still
proud of his conversation with
Judge Landis that rainy day in Pitts-
burgh.

"I still wouldn't want to win a
championship that way," he says.

JOHN WINDALL

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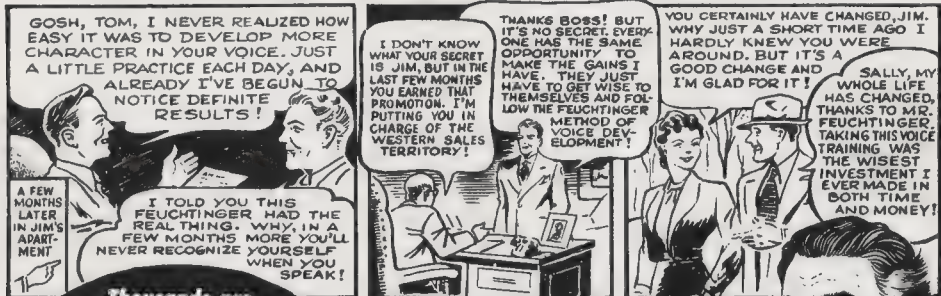
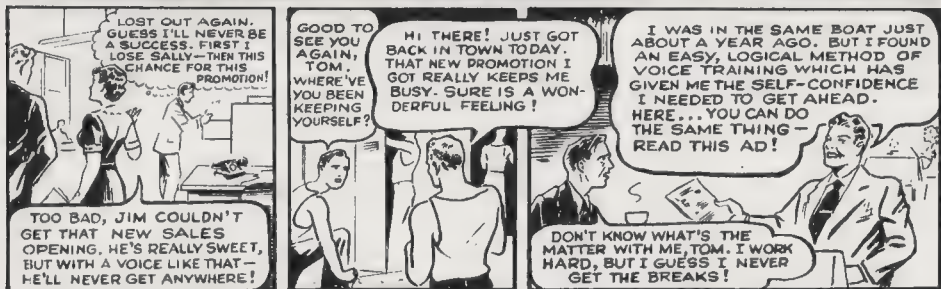
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WALK THE PLANK

(Continued from page 36)

closer. I saw a rowboat lowered. Five men, four rowing, one peering in our direction, headed towards us.

Jack stared as the boat approached. "My God!" he exclaimed. "They do look as though they might be pirates."

Then I got an idea. "Jack," I said, "we've got one small chance of getting out of this. Climb under the engine hatch and squeeze yourself into one of those dark corners. Stay there no matter what happens to any of us."

"What for?" Jack started to ask as I shoved him towards the hatch.

"Hell you can't work on the engine if you're caught," I whispered urgently.

We had been milling around in the small space near the wheel, so there was a good chance that the approaching visitors might not have counted us.

Finally the creaking rowboat drew up. The sailors, if that's what they could be called, were fierce looking Orientals. Each carried a naked knife tucked into a ragged pants waist. The leader carried a pistol, the only modern weapon in sight.

After securing the two boats together all five men clambered aboard. They gave me a short glance, spoke a phrase to Ging, and stared quietly at the young girl who stood straight and looked over their heads to the grey horizon.

Ging said we'd have to go back to the visitors' ship. Jack, meanwhile, had gone undetected. One man was left aboard to guard our boat. The rest of us were taken to the big junk.

The crew was waiting for us.

Midships, a giant of a man stood watching as we climbed aboard. He was well over six and a half feet tall and was built like a monster genie out of an Asiatic fairy tale.

He immediately ordered the girl taken to his cabin. He spoke to the first mate and then followed the girl.

In a few minutes the giant captain returned, but not the girl. The captain was breathing a little hard, and he wiped away a thin trickle of blood that threaded down his scratched cheek.

Sensing what must have happened to his daughter, the Chinese father leaped at the captain. The captain let the father strike him a feeble blow, then with terrible calm he grabbed the father with one hand and, taking a huge old boarding cutlass from his belt, plunged it into the wriggling father's belly. The father, released from the giant's grip fell to the deck.

Two of the crew picked up the bleeding man and, at a signal from the captain, tossed him into the sea.

Ging was tied securely and led below decks.

It was my turn. "American," I said pointing at myself. I might as well have said "Chinese" for the captain paid no heed. He spoke to the mate again. In a moment my hands were tied behind me.

It was then that the first mate shoved me towards the open space on deck. Before recovering from the shove I felt the bite of a whip. The tension was broken. The first few cracks stung me but didn't hurt too much. But as the beating continued I shivered and shook after each stroke. I collapsed and was dragged to my feet.

All this time the captain watched without speaking.

Two men dragged me to the side of the junk. I hadn't noticed the ten-foot plank which had been lowered in place at the starboard side. Then I understood. I was going to walk the plank.

I heard the captain speak a single word. It sounded like "American," but I wasn't sure for a blindfold was thrown



"Evil spirits hell! This man needs a shot of penicillin!"

roughly over my eyes and momentarily it covered my ears.

As I stood swaying on that lonely board, I sensed the cold sea beneath me.

The crew began to laugh, short staccato sounds.

They thought I was afraid when I reached the end of the plank, for I wouldn't go off. I was, but also I was praying for time. Then I felt a sharp blade pierce my back in a shallow cut shaving me over.

The shock of the icy water knocked me out. A feeling of blackness came over me and all pain ceased.

Jack had waited till the rowboat had carried us to the big junk. Then he quickly whacked the guard over the head with a large crescent wrench and propped him up so that from the junk it looked like the guard was sitting down.

Taking a last chance at finding the trouble with the engines, Jack checked

the fuel line and carburetors again. At the connection to the fuel tank the line was blocked with dirt. He cleaned it quickly. With gasoline feeding in again, the engines came to life and the guard went overboard assisted by a boost from Jack.

Jack watched as I was shoved off the plank. That was all he could do. If he had started for me when I hit the water, he would have aroused suspicion. As far as the pirates were concerned, their guard was still in control of our boat.

Meanwhile I swallowed some ocean, and the blindfold fell away from me. Coming up, I looked toward the pirate ship. Somebody fired a couple of shots, but that was all. The huge captain stopped whoever had fired the shots. Ammunition was too precious to waste shooting at someone who was practically dead.

The rags that held my wrists began to loosen as I thrashed my body around trying to free my arms.

Straining my arms together and wishing that my hands were covered with grease, I twisted my forearms into the shape of a cross and pulled with all my might. The soaked rags gave way and my arms were free.

All the time I'd been struggling, something strange was going on aboard the pirate junk. I saw figures scurrying around on deck, climbing the masts, adjusting the ponderous sail.

Were they coming after me? How could they have seen me slip my arms free? I thought of all I'd been through. Now, they'd leisurely move after me, perhaps run the bow right over me. Cat and mouse played to slow oriental time by the light of the moon.

I tried to scream for Jack to come in. Then I saw he was moving toward me. However, the junk was moving away. Their preparations, I finally saw, were taking them away from me.

At last I saw the reason. Another junk was heading in our direction. It came close enough for me to see its sails and insignia. Usually the pirates stuck a small crescent at the top of their mast as they closed in for a kill.

There was no crescent on the onrushing sloop. To my surprise, I saw the Union Jack whipping from top mast. Furthermore it was charging in faster than sails could move it. I knew the strange craft had an auxiliary motor when I saw the way the stern rode deep in the water. Nautically it was an ungraceful, even disgraceful sight, but I couldn't have been happier if it had been Eisenhower's Presidential Yacht out of moth balls.

When Jack had nearly reached me, I saw a dark fin cut the surface of the water near me. It was a shark's fin, I knew. The best thing I could do, I once had heard, was to try to keep relaxed. If I started churning the water, the shark would move in for battle. One swift pass of its flashing teeth could rip open a man.

I saw the fin go under water and reappear ten yards on the other side of me. Then I saw a dark form go past me faster than my eye could follow. That shark must have had more important things to do. He didn't come back.

Jack was close enough for me to yell to him.

"Did you see him?" I gasped.

"Sure," said Jack. "You did the right thing for once. Stay there so I can come up to you."

"Stay where you are," I yelled. "I'll come up to you."

Jack stopped our boat and waited.

He tossed me a rope and helped me climb up. I was surprised that I had the strength to swing my leg over the side.

"Some buddy," I said. "Were you going to let me drown before coming over?"

"If I'd come as soon as you were overboard, those pirates would have fixed us both," he said.

"What's happening over there?" I asked him, looking toward the pirates.

The smaller craft, flying the British flag, had moved into position broadside to the pirates. We both saw what looked like a 40mm cannon leveled for action.

They fired one shot across the pirates' bow and one shot through the sail, just to show they were on target.

The pirates knew they were outclassed and outgunned. A white flag replaced the crescent almost before the sound of the second shot stopped echoing.

Jack and I eased closer to the two ships to watch. We were both anxious about the Chinese girl and Ging. The girl had been destined for a horrible future. If and when the captain tired of her, he would turn her over to the crew.

I heard the captain of the pirate ship yelling something across the water in Chinese.

"We have friends of the British on board. If you promise to let all my men and me go free, we will free the man and woman. Otherwise they die."

For a few minutes no reply came from the British ship. Then one of the men replied for his captain in the same dialect.

"Yes, turn over these people and you can sail away. If there are any tricks, we can sink you in 30 seconds."

In a few minutes two figures climbed into a small rowboat.

After it was lowered from the pirate ship Jack and I sighed in relief.

"There's Ging and the girl," he said.

We edged up to the rowboat and helped the newly-freed pair climb aboard. The girl glanced at us, tears in her eyes, and said nothing. I was the most beaten looking and bedraggled, but she had suffered more than I. Her silk dress was dirty. Around the arm openings the torn silk fell away and showed the curve of her small breasts.

Ging had survived the ordeal untouched. Apparently the pirates had been saving him for the last, because he had not

been worked on at all by them.

We delivered the girl to the British and told them the story—about her father's death and my capture. We asked an officer to carry the girl to Hong Kong, where she would be met by friends.

We arranged to follow the British junk back to Hong Kong under our own power.

A couple of weeks later, in Hong Kong I read a news story about a British naval gun crew aboard a junk which carried a hidden cannon. Three pirate ships had approached for an easy kill. All three had been sunk.

A few survivors had been picked up. One was mentioned in particular because

of his great height and strength. His strength did him no good when he was sentenced to death by hanging as was the sentence for all the captured pirates.

At the Hong Kong hospital I told the doctor who treated my back about my adventure with the pirates. I even showed him the newspaper.

"Pirates?" he hedged. "Yes I've heard there are a few around. But this walking the plank business, it sounds a little strong. I'd go easy about talking about it. That sort of thing just isn't done you know."

My nightmares keep reminding me it was done.

THE END

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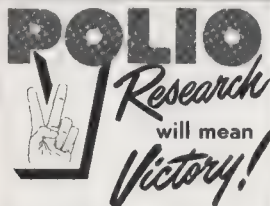
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FIRE IN THE HOLE

(Continued from page 45)

as we walked into the shadow of the twisted and mud encrusted derrick. We could see Pinky hammering at some massy iron valves. The smell of gas was quite strong, still, and all about could be heard the hiss of escaping gas. The smell grew increasingly more potent as we stood about.

"They are taking the Kelly loose, so they can choke the flow of gas if it starts again," said Lee.

"Isn't there still some pressure?" I asked, nervously eyeing the bubbles coming from the murky waters under the working men.

"Yes, ever since it stopped of its own accord, they've been preparing for another blow that they expect at any time." Pointing, he said, "Look."

Glancing at a red needle gauge, I saw it quivering at 5600 pounds to a square inch. Even as I watched, it crept up another hundred pounds.

Until that time I had not noticed the other people standing around watching the work progressing. When my gaze strayed to the several well dressed men standing in a corner of the derrick, I only then noticed that they obviously had taken notice of Lee and myself. For the first time, it occurred to me that perhaps we were not welcome, but my thoughts were interrupted.

The hissing noise took on a deep, sinister tempo and the men working beneath the floor scrambled to the surface, shouting. Pinky yelled, "Get back! Get back! She's fixing to blow again!"

Lee grabbed my arm and we ran with the crowd, making for the other barge and safety. Behind us, as we stumbled over the jumble of equipment and scorched iron, the hissing rapidly became a roar. All the force of hell seemed to turn loose out of that hole.

Arooom!

Great chunks of mud and water hurtled skyward, followed by the worst blasting of sand and muck imaginable. Even as we charged down the ladder it began to rain mud and water.

Gathering under a little tin shed far back on the barge, we looked on at the mighty spectacle, awed. None would have spoken, even if our voices could have carried over the pounding tremor of the billowing mud. Higher and higher went the sizzling muck, finally shrieking out of the top of the derrick 80 feet over our heads.

Looking about us, I noticed that Pinky and his crew had not followed any further than the first barge, and even now as the force of the blast had seemingly reached its peak, they advanced on the hole.

Gathering all the power of my lungs, I shouted into Lee's ear, "What do they think they can do?"

"They're going to choke it down and bring it under control," he shouted back. After half an hour of the muddy rain, the wind shifted to an onshore breeze and the well dressed men in the party returned to the hole.

Able to hear better, I asked Lee, "God, we barely made it, didn't we?"

Laughing, he said, "Those fellows weren't running from the danger, they were just waiting for the mud to stop flying."

Lee left his camera because of the danger of a bulb breaking and starting another fire, and we ventured out. Pinky and his crew were engaged in lowering a massive steel valve over the spewing maw. They worked close upon the thick, solid shaft of black horror coming out of the hole and two hours of brutal work was necessary in this preliminary measure. Time after time they would attempt to fasten it and each time it would catch some stray fragment escaping from the hole and leap upward with a bound and come crashing down on the steel floor. A thin cable kept it from bounding back into the water, but with each leap it would threaten to crush the agile workers.

Finally they succeeded in getting the threads meshed and with jubilation started unfastening the thick blowout preventer that had cut out. With wrenches that a lesser man would have been glad merely to be able to lift, they jerked free the nuts holding the valve.

Meanwhile the well dressed boys had been eyeing us with something less than love, and now one of them walked over and said, "Just who are you two nosy b—s, anyway?"

Our sheepish expression belied our arguments, and with ears stinging from crude words, we silently picked our way back over the littered barge to the plane.

"Maybe it's just as well," reflected Lee. "They have it to the place where they can bring in a well now."

By way of explanation he launched into an ill-timed discourse. "All they have to do now is remove the Hydril, back out the Kelly, shut the QRC . . ."

"Lee, how long will it take to finish it and have a producer?"

"About three weeks with no more bad luck."

He lowered his bulk onto a pontoon of the bobbing plane and turned, his eyes reflective. He raised his sight to the top of the dirty plume still jetting out of the hole.

"You know, I think if Satan himself would rear his head from that hole and see Pinky and that bunch, he'd turn tail and go back, hoping that all earth people aren't so tough." Lee chuckled. "He'd be afraid some of them might come his way sometime, and he'd be scared they'd put out his hell fires."

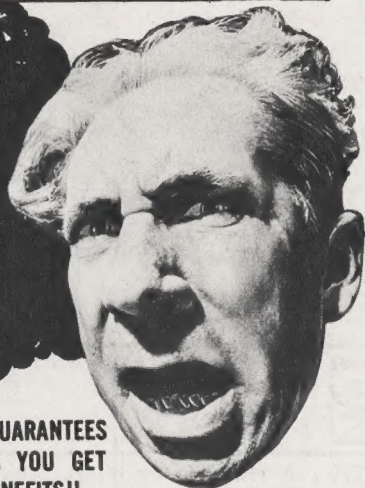
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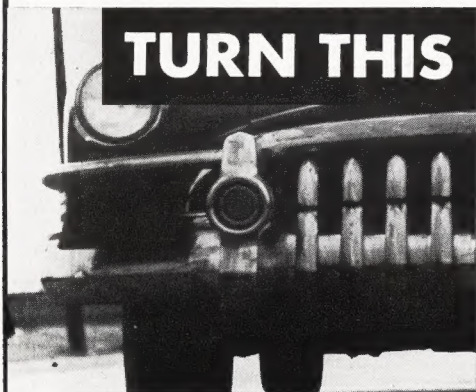
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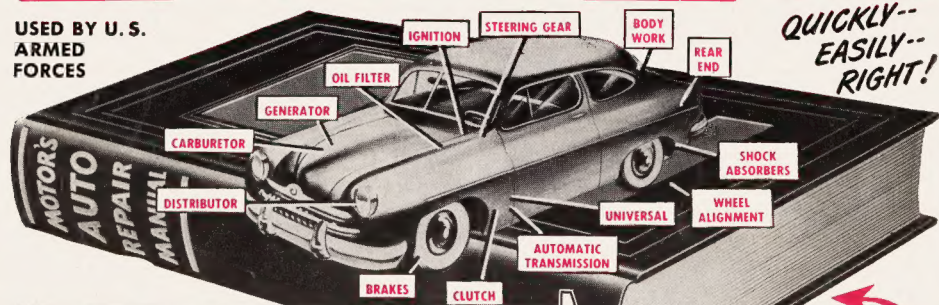
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